

The Champion

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RADICAL PERIODICALS IN THE UNITED STATES

1. The Communist Manifesto, 1848, by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels.

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CHAMPION

Labor Monthly

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1937 - 1938

Introduction to the Greenwood reprint by

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and

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1970

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of the Minnesota Historical Society Library

Volume 3
1937-1938

Introduction

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The Champion

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NOVEMBER

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ARTICLES

They Came From "Dead End"
A New Day For Old China
Direct Current

FICTION

Johnny Gets A Curve
Kid Experience
Alf Giles Expands

FEATURES

Dear Dorothy Dix
Miss America
Dots and Dashes

SPORTS

Tackling the Season
Joe Louis—A New Tradition

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Cover
by
OPPENHEIM



LABOR IS DYNAMITE!

If we were to listen to our publishing friends, *Current History Magazine* would carefully sidestep all articles pertaining to labor. The labor situation, we were warned, is full of dynamite; anything we published would be certain to offend one side or the other. Better avoid the issue and please everybody.

But *Current History* is a magazine of history-in-the-making—not an etiquette journal. Its policy has always been to publish the truth—pleasant or unpleasant—and let the facts fall where they may. And so *Current History* is not “sidestepping” the labor issue, but is devoting *more* space to the coverage of important labor developments than to any other single American phase of history-in-the-making.

Those interested in labor, and particularly those belonging to labor unions, will read with interest the series of articles now appearing in *Current History* on “Labor in America,” by Herbert Harris. When completed, the series will appear in book form and will be published by the Yale University Press. “Labor in America” gives you the complete, authentic story of the union movement in America, from earliest colonial days up to the present.

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Volume III Number 1

November 1937

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In This Corner

SAM OPPENHEIM, who drew this month's cover of *THE CHAMPION*, is a young artist who is going places. Sam comes from Texas, the Lone Star State, but as far as we're concerned, *he's* a four star find.

BEN FIELD, one of the most promising of the younger writers in America today, is the author of *The Cock's Funeral*, a collection of unusual short stories. Erskine Caldwell, himself a top-notch, has this to say of Ben Field: "He is a story-teller who has undergone years of discipline in an effort to learn how a story can best be told. During that time, he has lived among the people he writes about. More than that, he came to understand their language and habits. And, finally, he recreates them on the pages of his book with such fidelity that they are as real as life itself."

JOHN GROTH needs no introduction. Former Art Editor of *Esquire*, his work has livened the pages of our best magazines. He stands ace high as an artist. What his wide public may not know, however, is that John is as swell a person as he is an artist.

TOM DEAN has appeared in *THE CHAMPION* before and if he keeps his promise, you'll be seeing more of him.

COLIN ALLEN, Ted Key, Gregor Duncan and Davis are artists we are proud to number among the friends of *THE CHAMPION*. We hope to publish more of their work in the future.

IN line with the policy of *THE CHAMPION* to introduce new writers and artists to our readers, we take great pleasure in announcing that we have gathered around us a group of young and enthusiastic people, the mere listing of whose names would take up much more room than we have at our disposal. Some are on our Editorial Board, others on our general Staff, but all of them have given unstintingly of their time and energy in helping to turn out a better *CHAMPION*. We know that we have not exhausted the reservoir of talent available. We have barely tapped it. There are many more young writers and artists throughout the country, unhonored and unsung, for whom *THE CHAMPION* is waiting.

THE Editors regret to announce that Morris Schnapper, formerly Editor of *THE CHAMPION*, has resigned from the editorship in order to complete a book upon which he is working.

Johnny Gets a Curve

By Ben Field

ILLUSTRATED BY OWEN MIDDLETON

JOHNNY MULLER was the happiest boy on earth when his father leased a gas station and moved the family to town. He saw more children in one day in town school than ever before in his life. The boys especially were like a bunch of cockerels crowding one another, picking, peeping, having one heck of a time together. But the shy, chunky, country kid couldn't get over the fence into their midst. He would walk home alone, help his mother and do his lessons, still seeing the boys, still hearing their joyous yelling. His lips would pout, his eyes grow heavy with hunger.

At the first touch of spring, the streets boomed with boys playing baseball. Everybody was catching, pitching, cracking out a ball. Everybody was in teams or gangs of some sort.

Johnny attached himself like a cocklebur to a bunch of older boys who had organized a baseball team, managed by Donk Wilson. Gabby, horny Eddie Wilson was called Donk because he had played the carpenter in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Every afternoon after school Johnny tailed after them and hung around the sandlot, thankful when a baseball rolled his way.

Donk was the catcher of the team as well as the manager and captain. Lefty Cloud, a lanky Indian boy, was the star pitcher. Lefty had plenty of speed, but he was wild as a hawk, maybe because it was still early in the season. He threw the ball again high over the backstop. Johnny raced down the street, pouncing on the ball on the run. He rubbed the ball carefully on his pants. "Come on," hollered the catcher impatiently. Johnny spun around and flung it fast.

Donk gawked. "Say, kid, you done that twice. Try that pitch now."

Johnny wrapped his fingers around the stitches firmly. He kicked out his leg, blazed the ball at Donk. The ball hooked into the pocket of the huge catcher's mitt.

Donk bounced up from his squat. "Git on the mound there," he ordered sharply.

Johnny's heart thumped like a threshing engine. He walked slowly to the mound the way regular pitchers do. He rolled up his sleeve. He faced Donk, crouching behind home plate, right hand cupped on the mitt to make a larger target. He pawed the mound like a buffalo and there let go with all his snap and steam.

As the ball exploded, Donk jumped up, dancing and whooping. "A hook! A roundhouse! What we been looking for, fellers."

The men came running in from their positions. Hippo Allen, Hack Sanders, Sammy Hill, Pussy Jackson, all the boys who hadn't paid any more attention to Johnny than to cowchips. Captain Donk thumbed Johnny over. "Kid, you got the beef. You got the soupbone, the makings of a great little pitcher."

Only Lefty, ragged and rusty as an old harness needle, muttered, "See what he kin do with a batter."

Donk cried, "You jealous right off the bat."

"Hellfire, no." Lefty's black eyes flashed. "A pitcher don't come in for show. He's gotta throw rings round the batter. That's a pitcher."

The boys crowded around Johnny as he warmed up. Donk, the slugger of the team, stood at the plate, taking his famous foot-in-the-bucket position. He fouled off the first pitch, fouled off the second. He waited a couple of wide ones and then struck out, sticking his tongue at Lefty.

Lefty shoved the wing of black hair out of his eyes. "Now that's pitching. Where'd you pick it up, hayseed?"

Johnny flushed, didn't know how he had gotten the gosh-hanged curve. Maybe because he was always throwing stones around on the farm, hitting the blamed grasshoppers. You got to sneak your stone across on the grasshopper, give it a curve, and knock him off his feet. There wasn't any fun on the farm but throwing stones at grasshoppers.

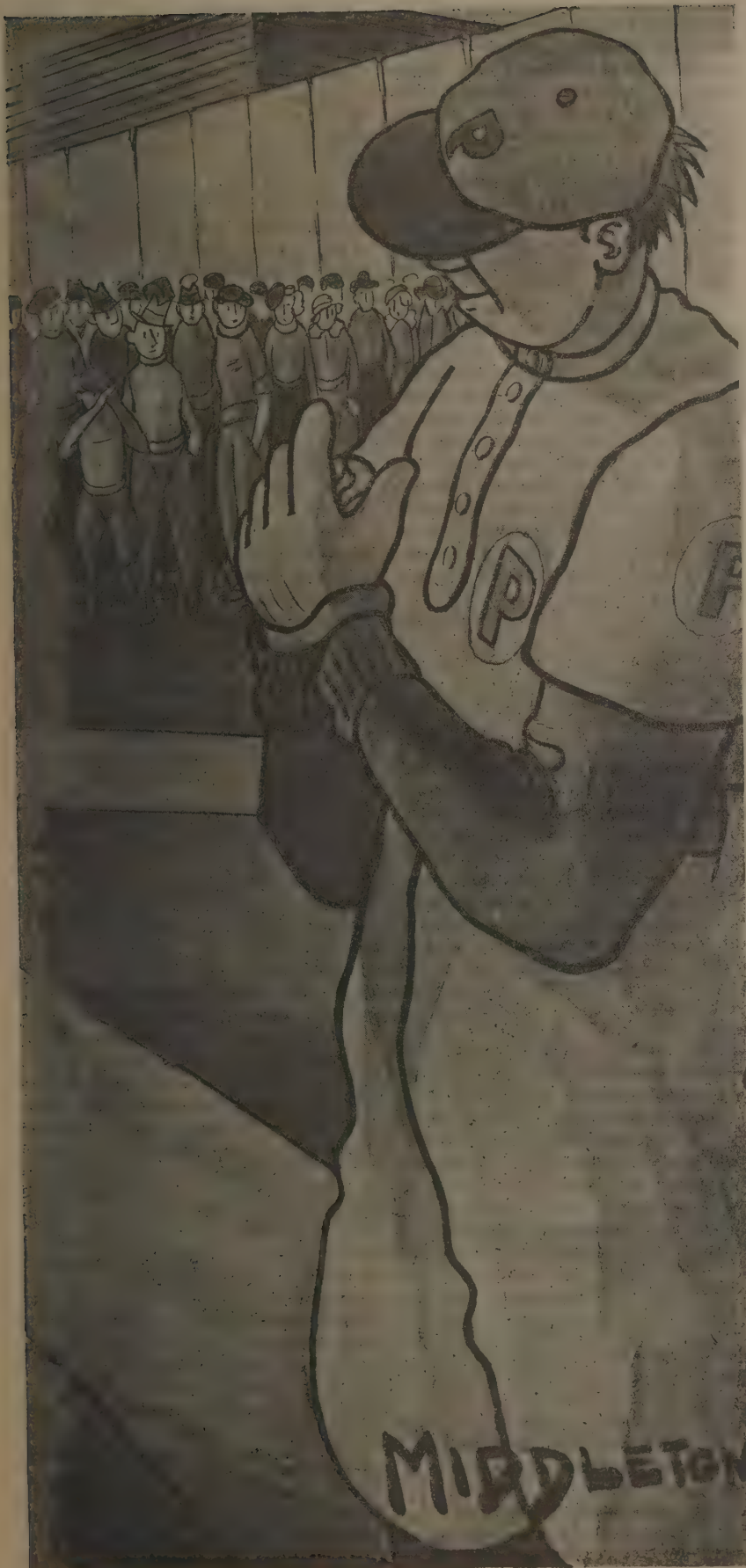
"Like Christy Mathewson," Donk cried reverently. "Kid, you're a natural. We're gone to sign you up in our team."

The boys trooped after Donk into his father's office, Wilson, lumber dealer and undertaker, "First Cash, Then Carry." Here in an old ledger Johnny wrote his name as carefully as if he were doing penmanship.

He loped home after the ceremony, bursting into the kitchen where his mother was feeding his little sisters. "Curve," she exclaimed. "Why, I thought you found something. Will that spade the garden? You're home late again, boy."

Johnny was so excited that he bounced





into the bedroom, woke up his father and pulled him into the street. Groggy from lack of sleep, Muller lit a cigarette and followed the boy to see what he had on the ball. Johnny wound up, thrust out his leg, and fogged the ball. Muller's cigarette popped from his mouth. He yelled so hard the frightened women-folk ran to the door. "By God, old timer, have a heart! Sure, it's a curve. It's a real honest jughandle curve."

They went into the garden and squatted in the lee of the house. Muller rolled another cigarette while Johnny described how he had acquired his curve. It was really Muller who had first showed him how to throw a ball. Muller had played ball in the Lutheran Church Baseball League when he was young, straight as a spike, and nobody in the world could eat apples off his head.

Muller looked wistfully at the boy shaking in his excitement, crying, "I want to be a real pitcher, Dad. A real pitcher." He dug his hands into his pockets, fingered his change. "I'll get Glory Halleluja from your mother. She'll say all a glove's made for is to keep the winter's cold out. But hell's part of the day's work, too." He took Johnny in the car, drove to the sport goods store where he bought him a brand new horsehide pitcher's glove.

Johnny spent every spare moment of his time oiling the glove, breaking in a new pocket. He put it under his pillow at night. He took it to school, buttoned to the waistband of his pants.

After school he waited in the yard for Donk. His captain stalked down the stairs, a crimson sweater draped over his arm like a Spanish bullfighter. He made out he was sticking a girl and then saluted Johnny. He examined the glove and okayed it. He flung his arm around Johnny and brought him to the lumberyard.

The boys in the team ranged below him, Donk clambered up on a pile of planks. He took up the question of a new name for the team. Changing names every season was important for good luck. "Give the new pitcher first shot."

Johnny's face felt warm. He frowned in an important way. "There's grasshoppers. The Grasshoppers Baseball Team. You can't stop them."

"In the pig's ear you can't," burst out Hippo. "Turkeys can gobble 'em fast as they come."

"Indians," said Lefty with his thin lips. "Look at them Cleveland Indians. Indians is a fighting name."

Donk turned that down flat. "I got a name takes the pot. Pelicans. Sure, me and the old man took a trip last fall down the Snake River. We seen millions of Pelicans. They got wings and bills beats anything. We're the Pelicans, team."

From his perch he harangued the boys. "Last year we had trouble because we

wasn't in training. Now everybody keeps in training. If you don't, you're benched and fined. No cigarette smoking, Lefty. That's bad for the wind. No playing around with them flickertail girls. All our jingle is for winning games. Get me, Hack. And you, Hippo's, got to cut out eating carloads of candy and crullers. Them boils and pimples take the blood out of your hitting arm."

Next he went over the signals. Blowing the nose meant a squeeze play, spitting was a double steal, scratching your behind, the hidden ball trick.

Johnny lay curled in the afternoon sun on a plank which smelled like a sharpened pencil. On one side of him was first baseman Hippo riding a bat, and on the other side was Ernie Evans, the mascot, breaking in Donk's baseball shoes by bending them back and forth like concertinas. He smiled contentedly at every point Captain Donk made with his finger. When positions were taken up, he said in a voice husky with happiness, "Lefty's been pitching before, I'll be second string pitcher."

"Not on your tintype," barked Donk. "I give orders. Lefty's got no curve."

Lefty's eyes flashed behind the wing of hair falling over his face.

Then the captain led his men to the playing field near the railroad tracks. He stood in the center of the diamond in his baseball cap and cleated shoes, ordering the mascot to see the kids cut down the cow weeds in the outfield and picked up the stones in the infield even if they were small as pigeon eggs. He had the players work out, running around in circles, beating their chests to develop their wind and cut down on their fat. He taught the men batting, stealing bases, directed the pitchers warming up their wings.

Donk spent more time with Johnny than with anybody else. After the workout, he walked Johnny home. He praised him on his sweating easily as a stud horse. "Listen, don't you go worrying about Lefty. I seen you trying to show him the curve. Them Indians is knuckleheads. You're one of them chubby pitchers, not like Silver Fox Pennock with the rubber whip arm. Don't go waste your arm. It's goin' to be worth your weight in gold, kiddo."

His mother and Muller were in the dry, hard garden. His mother cracked up like a stick from among the weeds. "You expect Dad to run home do your hoeing for you? He's been on the go sixteen hours a day, can't hold a cup of coffee without spilling it, and you been running wild like a cow in fly time."

"I ain't wild," shouted Johnny. "Donk's against eating too much candy, smoking, girls. He's a-learning me."

This unusual outburst out of slow, quiet Johnny made her gasp.

Muller said mildly, "No back talk, old timer. Mother don't understand baseball.

She don't give a hoot for it. All she wants is we get along in town. The only way we can manage it is if we all co-operate. Mother at home, me in the gas station, and you with the work cut out for you. The garden's got to be hoed. You figure that out and hold on to your baseball."

Johnny figured it out by rising mornings at five o'clock. He became reconciled to weeding and hoeing, realizing that the work helped his grip and kept his weight down. He was able to finish his garden work and get to school in time to meet the team and the admiring kids who clustered around him to feel his arm.

Johnny's curve developed so that he had all the sluggers on his team swinging like rusty gates during practice games. His control was still shaky. No matter how good your curve is, if you can't place the ball where you want it, you're out of luck. You've got to master your curve so that the ball can go through the eye of a needle. You've got to study and know baseball the way you study science in school.

In spite of his mother's scolding, Johnny attended every game played by the town's semi-pro team. Muller got tickets from some of the players who bought gas. Johnny sat in the bleachers, his whole body bunched behind sturdy head, studying the pitchers. Here was one swiveled around in his windup; another flung up his arms as if he were praying and hurled the ball as if he had it in his pocket; still another's arm went like the pendulum of an old clock; Porky, the local southpaw, twisted his whole body, bending low as if he were cranking a tractor. After the games, Johnny squeezed into the crowds of baseball fans and players, rubbed shoulders with the men chewing and smoking and arguing hotly, picked up tips on control and delivery.

He continued his lessons by reading the sport sections of the newspapers. He followed the scores, memorized the pitching and batting averages. He knew when the Pirates had sunk the Cubs, the Giants had cut the Cards, the Braves had scalped the Reds. He built up a gallery in his bedroom of pictures of pitchers, some of them the greatest of all time; Mac Mann, the Princeton College pitcher who first perfected the curve, "Big Train" Johnson, Iron Man McGinnity, Three-Finger Brown, Grover Cleveland Alexander the Great, and the man no one would ever hold a candle up to—Christy Mathewson. And nightly after grueling field practice, he would lock himself up in his room, try the little lump of muscle on his arm, and under the watchful eyes of the masters do his shadow pitching for the first real game.

It was a fine Saturday morning with not a cloud the size of turkey whiskers in the sky. The sandlot swarmed with

boys and girls wild to see the Pelicans' new pitcher give the Royal Bengal Tigers the beating of their lives.

Johnny's heart clenched tight as a fist when the umpire gave the orders to start the game. He peeled the two sweaters off his precious arm and moved slowly to the mound. He lobbed the ball a couple of times to Donk, took a deep breath, and then faced the first batter, a heavy hitter with a wagon-tongue of a bat on his shoulder. He hitched up his pants, bent forward to get the signal. He reared, uncorked a wild throw. Donk talked to him, his teammates chattered around him. He shook his head to still the slugging blood. His next curve was wild again but the Bengal Tiger was fooled and swung to miss by a mile. The next pitch was a called strike, cutting the heart of the plate. A cheer went up. Grinning, Johnny struck out the batter. He retired the rest of the side without a hit.

The Royal Bengal Tiger hurler, a Mexican boy, Stringbean Garcia, hadn't even the wrinkle of a curve. He had a fireball, however, which he whipped overhand with such blinding speed that the batters didn't have time to take their bats off their shoulders before it wallowed into the catcher's mitt. The Pelicans could not get a peck at his offerings until the middle of the game when, the score nothing to nothing, Hippo got himself the first hit. Orders were for the Pelicans to wait the pitcher out, make him tire. Hippo got funny, jumped in front of the plate, and got a hit on his behind. As he trotted to first base, the Tigers roared he go rub his head. Johnny, next man up, struck out. A real good pitcher is never a hitter for if he swings too hard he is liable to knock his arm out of joint. It was two out, one man on base, with Donk stalking to the plate, whirling three bats over his head. He hit the first pitch a terrific grounder to the shortstop. The shortstop, a flashy little player, knocked it down, stumbled. The Pelicans cackled, stamped. The shortstop pounced on the ball, wheeled around like a dog with a flea in its tail, and heaved the ball into the cow weeds. Hippo plunged around the bases and dropped on the homeplate on his belly. Donk made a beautiful hook slide but Hippo was in his way and he was tagged out. The Pelicans were a run ahead.

As Johnny walked coolly and triumphantly to the box, the Tigers snarled, "Stinky Johnny. Down the river, by the lake, the pitcher's got a bellyache. Look out, barrel head, flannel foot."

Johnny wrinkled up his nose and disposed of the first two batters with ease. The Tigers began to shriek louder, to kick up dirt which drizzled over the infield. Johnny pitched four balls in succession, passing the next man. He jammed his hat over his ears, went to work again. The batter hoisted a pop fly. The

Tigers groaned and meowed as Johnny got under it clumsily. Donk charged forward. The boys collided and fell into the grass without either of them touching the ball. The Tigers scored, tying up the game.

Johnny clawed up to his feet. His eyes smarted. "It ain't fair. It ain't baseball," he cried.

"Fair, nuts," bawled Donk. "Git to work." He shook his fist and scuttled behind the plate.

Johnny's arm felt like an old pump-handle. He ground his palms in the dust, wiped his hand on his pants. He shoved his hat down over his ears like a burlesque comedian. He tried to take his own sweet time, pitch carefully. He loaded the bases. The Tigers, beside themselves with joy, hugged one another and kept up a deafening din.

Donk hollered, "Don't mind them, kid. You been pitching a whale of a game. He's your meat. Feed him number 2. Hey, batter, what you fishing for? Johnny, you're working like a charm now."

John sucked in his lower lip, swung his glove up to his face and hurled the ball with so much curve and speed that his legs buckled underneath him and he

dropped on a knee. The batter jumped aside. The ball ticked the bat and rolled along the first base line. Donk scooped it up, punched the ball on the Tiger racing home.

The Bengals rushed in, yelling the ball was foul. Johnny took the ball and walked back to the box. The umpire, a driver for the Wilson Lumber Co., had to become referee as the boys milled and pushed one another, the Bengals refusing to accept his decision, shouting that even the pitcher saw the ball was foul. The money was returned, the game stopped.

The weary Pelicans filed into the lumberyard where Donk gave Johnny one hell of a lacing.

Johnny, sprawling in a heap of shavings, whispered, "But I seen it was a good ball."

"Seen beans! Getting a swelled head already on account you're a pitcher. That was a break for us. We could a won the game. Yeh, even John McGraw, the little Napoleon of baseball, said give me the breaks, you can have the pitchers."

Johnny flushed in confusion. "It ain't fair. I—it's a trick those fellers yelling.

You don't know what you're doing."

"Sure, it's a trick. Baseball is a trick. You talk like you got hay in your head. The best pitchers is the best foolers. Look at Luque, the Cuban curve-baller. He cracked his toenail pitching the last curveball that won the world series. He knows how to change pace, mix his stuff. He never shows by his arm what kind of ball he's hurling. Ain't that tricks?"

Lefty, who had sulked on the sidelines all during the game, flashed out, "That's different."

Donk turned on him viciously, "Keep your two cents out! No baseball player's got the right to get sore, blow up in the middle of a game. Why do you fellers think I let every runt call me Donk? That's to give me control. When they holler, a good pitcher looks tough enough to chew nails. Shove out, give them the battleship jaw." Donk clamped his hands over his fly and looked fierce.

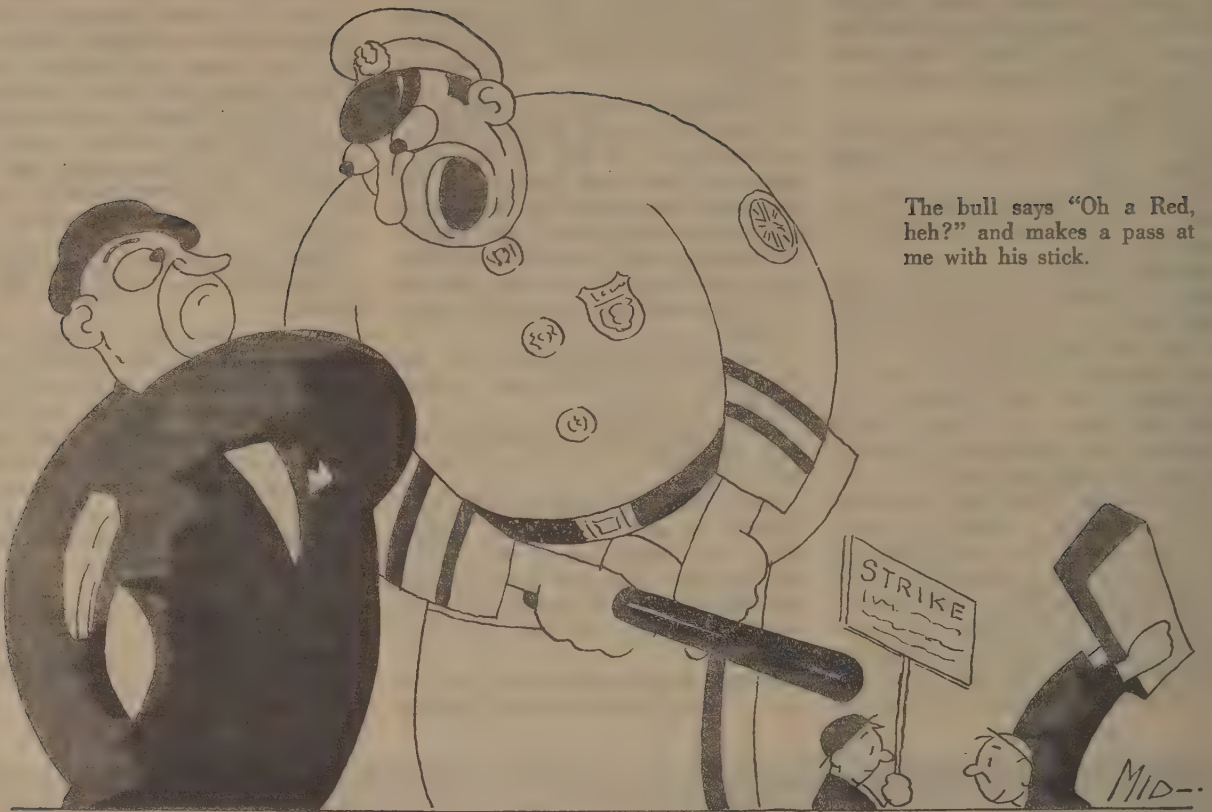
Johnny nodded meekly.

Donk arranged that the mascot and the shrill string of kids rag him unmercifully. They shouted the dirtiest names to toughen him. After school in

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"Must you always act like a bunch of Boy Scouts!"



Kid Experience

By Tom Dean

SOMEBODY *must* have said that you profit by other people's experiences, so my fine friends, put this down as profit. Never go hunting for young promising heavyweights. It is a very silly pastime and purely as a result of indulging in the above, I find myself in a very tough spot. I am in disgrace, an exile. You see, I am a fight manager, and I have been in a fight! I have disobeyed the first and only rule of the manager's racket. Let the other baby do the slugging, you take the dough.

My downfall was caused by a little sign I saw hanging on a building a few weeks ago. It read "Star Worker's Club. Boxing and Wrestling To-Night. 25c." I'm always the guy to invest two bits on any chance and I went up. If this was amateur wrestling, I thought, it would be a shocking novelty to see a couple of burpers who were on the level.

There was a small crowd there, and they trotted out a couple of lightweights and then a few welters, and I got ready to go. The kids were good but not pro material. Just as I get to the door, I see

the rather sloppy figure of Danny Kane over in a corner, and I take off my hat and sit down. Danny is just a dumb manager; he once asked if I knew that old man, pop corn, but when you see a manager at amateur fights, there's a reason and I wanted to see the reason. Soon, they put on a couple of big boys, and right away I see the reason. There is a big boy named Joe Perry, and he wasn't in the ring but a second when he let fly a left hook that landed not so gently on his opponent's chin, and said opponent dropped flat on his pan, also not so gently. Now a right hook is a very handy thing to own, but a good left hook, now that's something!

As I'm making a line for the dressing room, I hear the very annoying voice of Kane saying, "Take your time, chump. I already got him signed up."

"Why Danny, fancy seeing you here," I say politely, "Who have you got signed up?"

"Just another Joe Louis, that's all," he answers and makes me a present of a silly smile.

"You're very fortunate, my good friend. Shall we go downstairs and take a snifter or two in honor of your good luck, while the boy wonder is dressing?" I ask.

Now if Danny was drowning and had already gone down two times and help came, the first thing he would ask for is a drink. While I don't exactly pride myself on the feat, I can take down numerous shots without losing my head and so after the sixth drink, I take out a neat little pile of ones and say, "Danny, you wouldn't care to trade that contract you have so snugly in your pocket for this round little pile of greenbacks?"

The lug just looked at me and laughed, and I see I have made a tactical error. After six more drinks, I deftly take a bunch of paper napkins and put a few bills on the top and bottom and neatly tie the whole thing up. Then I wave it in front of his pan. I must admit that it did look like a goodly sum of money and for a minute, I thought I had made a terrible mistake. He stared at the

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By James B. Carey

With an Introduction by
LOUIS GORDON

Today is a new day for labor, and it is fitting that it should have new leaders, young men who bring a new vigor and strength to the labor movement.—Willard Bliss

Introduction

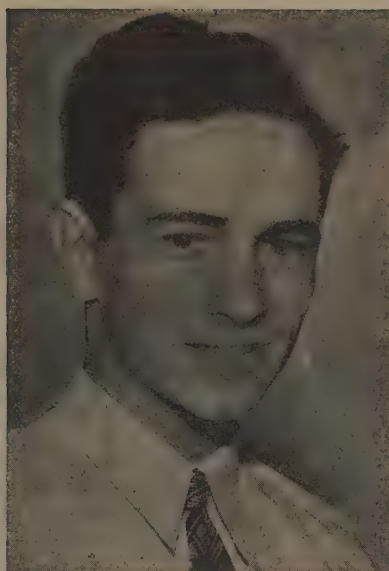
THE first time I met James B. Carey was last Summer in Milwaukee at the Model Congress of Youth. Chairman of the labor committee, a thin, wiry figure in white shirt and white linen suit, he was ruling on points of order and quoting Roberts' Rules of Procedure, mentioning not only the correct reference but even the page number!

I saw him again on his twenty-sixth birthday, last August 12th, at a C. I. O. rally in the New York Hippodrome, sharing the platform with other leaders like Harry Bridges, Joe Curran, Mike Quill, John Brophy and Heywood Brown. Jim's sole recreation now is making speeches at meetings. He used to go in for basketball and boxing and at one time had the offer of a full paid college scholarship for boxing, but he turned it down in order to devote full time to union activity. So Jim had a swell time on his birthday telling how proud he was to be an officer of the first organization forced to leave the A. F. of L., and how, after leaving the A. F. of L., that organization had doubled its membership in a year.

Since then I've visited him in his office—on the fifteenth floor of 1133 Broadway, New York—the office of the president of the United Electrical and Radio Workers of America. On one side of the room stands a Philco radio, the instrument that Carey once helped manufacture. On the opposite wall a picture of John L. Lewis in genial mood looks down on the scene. The desk, in the corner between two windows, holds, besides numerous papers, a rack for Carey's black pipe (although he also smokes cigars) and a large picture of his pretty brunette fiancée, Margaret McCormick of Chicago. They were engaged the week before the Hippodrome meeting.

When I entered, the youthful union leader was talking on the telephone to an employer who hesitated about negotiations with his workers. Carey spoke politely and with understanding, but when his jaw set, it seemed so firm that it must have been felt even over the telephone. "No, sir," he would say, "I think you sincerely believe it, but that doesn't make it true;" or, with a sardonic smile, "how can people have a free choice of their collective bargaining agency if you've threatened them with loss of their job;" or, finally, refusing the executive's request, "I can't tell you anything that the group doesn't actually feel."

That's James Carey—twenty-six years old, black-haired, fighting Irish James Carey—leading a union of young men and old towards industrial democracy.



Direct Current

A LIVE WIRE TELLS ABOUT
HIS CONTACT WITH LABOR

MY first interest in unions came almost right after my graduation from Glassboro High School in 1929. At that time I still lived in Glassboro, commuting to Philadelphia to work at Philco by day and to study math and electricity at Drexel School of Engineering by night. That was some schedule, up at 5:00 in the morning to catch the train to Philadelphia, work from 7:30 in the morning till 6:15 in the afternoon, attend night school from 7:00 to 9:45, and catch the 10:50 to get home at 12:52, then start all over again at 5:00 the next morning.

That routine continued for six years, until I no longer worked for Philco but had been appointed an A. F. of L. organizer. My feeling was that a union organizer should know more than the production end, and I continued night school at the University of Pennsylvania studying subjects like Management of Industrial Enterprise and Financial and Business Forecasting. I wanted to learn the psychology of management, and see, for example, how they determine wage rates in relation to fixed costs.

We certainly needed a union at Philco in those days. It wasn't only the hours, but the tension under the speed-up and the low pay. Men were getting as little as 21c an hour and girls even less, in some instances as low as 18c. The union won a closed shop there in 1935, and

gained better conditions again in a contract signed the following year. This last summer, after a four week strike with nine thousand workers out, we won pay boosts bringing the average up to 76¼ cents an hour, the 36 hour week, closed shop and the end of the speed-up system with a changed, more respectful attitude on the part of the management towards its employees. Victories of this kind make us feel our fights have been worthwhile.

We realized early that the conditions and wages prevailing in one shop affected the conditions and wages of all shops in the industry, and that if we wanted to gain a better living standard, we would have to do it on a national scale. The trouble was that the hardest part of our fight was not to organize our people but to get charters for them from the A. F. of L. leaders. After Philco had been organized, the A. F. of L. finally gave us a Federal Labor Union Charter and later appointed me a general organizer of radio workers. I still have one of the original commissions lying in the upper left hand drawer of my desk, number 11084, signed by William Green.

Sometimes I'm tempted to frame that commission in black crepe paper. It isn't that I have any personal malice against the A. F. of L. even if my in-

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With Our Eyes Wide Open



By Frances Maguire

“WITH - my - eyes - wide - open - I'm dreaming” is no longer America's theme song. And if you don't believe it, you've been pulling a Rip Van Winkle.

The past four years, since the phony end of the economic depression, the surge of labor has been tremendous and unparalleled. The spectacle of steel and of the auto industry, hitherto impregnable, cracking open before the wedge of organized labor, is a milestone in the history of American progress. In this struggle, Youth has had a place and a truly significant one.

The American Youth Congress itself is an expression of the valuable lessons that have been seared into the minds and hearts of millions of young Americans. The youth of America have had more than their share of poverty, vocational frustration, and resultant emotional instability. They got a little bored with the “Take it on the chin” mock philosophy that was so popular after the crash of '29. In 1934, a group of young people who decided that they were not going to give up their rights without a struggle, organized the first American Youth Congress. As a result, the American Youth Act was formulated—by

youth themselves. Today the act, calling for an appropriation of \$500,000,000 for the first year of its operation, is one of the most important pieces of legislation before Congress.

And that isn't all. You can't talk about building industrial organization, abolishing child labor, or fighting fascism without the breath of youth giving it life. At last summer's Model Congress of Youth, the final vote was almost unanimous for a resolution which pledged young people to help achieve unity in the labor movement.

But all this didn't happen over night! It is the result of a century of struggle, both organized and unorganized.

All you New Yorkers who said “it can't happen here” when reading of the Chicago massacres should take cognizance of the fact that on *January 13, 1874, New York City had her own “Memorial Day.”*

The panic of 1873 caused extreme suffering, especially in large cities, to tens of thousands of people. Men begged for work that was not to be had, and children cried for their not-so-daily bread. Although a Workers Alliance did not exist at that time, the poverty-stricken of New York City decided to

hold a mass meeting and bring their horrible plight to the attention of those who “did not choose to notice.” Permission was granted them by the board of police to have this mass meeting on Tompkins Square on the 13th of January, 1874.

However, on announcement of this meeting, the more fortunate citizens of the City, fearing that the heretofore meek might inherit the earth, exerted the usual pressure, and on the 12th of January the board of police and board of parks revoked the order and prohibited the meeting.

Of course, it was absolutely impossible to notify any but a few of the participants that the order had been rescinded as they lived in various sections of the city.

The morning of the 13th was relentlessly cold. Mothers wrapped newspapers around the bodies of their children and themselves, hoping in that manner to fortify themselves against the biting winds. Men, women and children marched through the gates of Tompkins Square. They marched silently, their hearts beating time. When the Square was completely filled, without a moment's warning, mounted police charged upon them at full speed, without provocation.

. . . the terrified screams of women and children splintered the air. . . the sickening thud of horses' hooves against defenseless bodies . . . and the muffled groans of men seeing their loved ones trampled upon fell on deaf ears. The brutal attack by the police did not cease until good American blood soaked the Square.

But there was no retribution. This day merely went down as another page in American history. The reason the police appeared more vicious than usual was only because the workers were becoming better organized. Similar demonstrations took place in other industrial cities, for unemployment and extreme starvation were manifest throughout the country. And everywhere, the workers who dared protest and demonstrate were met with clubs and bullets.

Real trade unionism, in its present form began in this country only about 1879 and the Cigarmaker's National Union (whose national president at that time was Strasser and whose New York president was Samuel Gompers) was its pioneer.

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Joe Louis—A New Tradition

By Jim Murphy

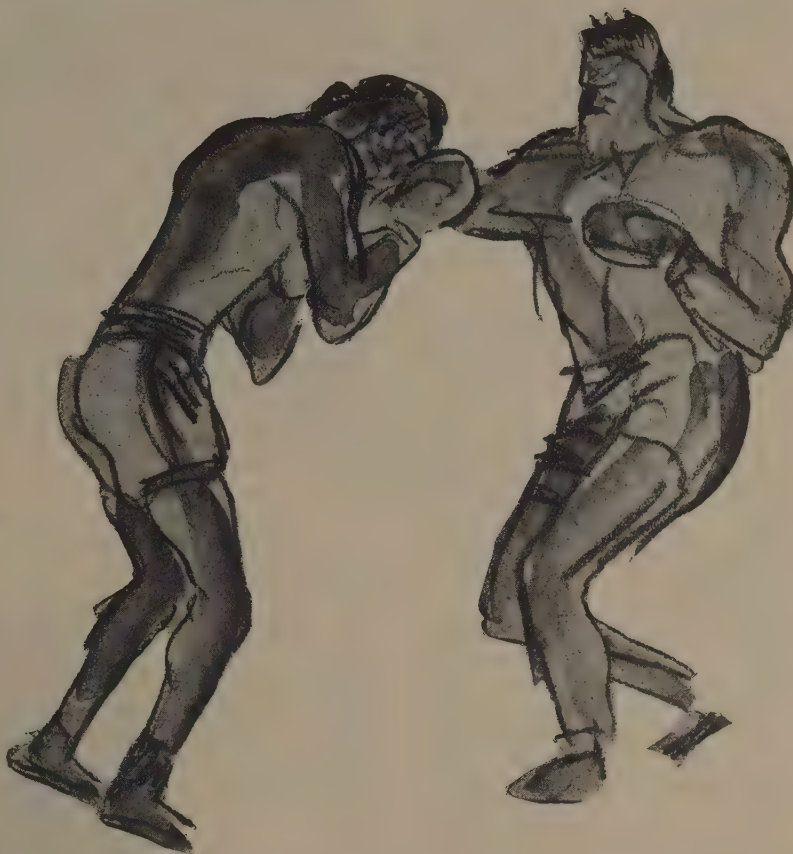
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH

JOE LOUIS is still heavyweight champion of the world and the validity of his high place in the boxing game has been questioned by few. It is a fact that he came by this title in the usual way and that under his reign, albeit sometime before, he gave to professional boxing a very much needed shot in the arm.

Before Joe came out of Detroit, the ring was gliding swiftly into severe ill-repute. Headed by the most high-smelling conglomeration of chumps, the respect that normally went to those who slug for a living had declined each time the heavyweight crown changed hands, which was plenty often. Also the money men who pull the strings and set the elaborate machinery in motion were suffering from a dearth of shekels. There was no one at the head of things who commanded any respect of the sort that Dempsey and Jeffries did. The result was a shift of interest and the ring game came out in the end far on the short side.

Then came Louis with his record of twenty-one knockouts in twenty-three tries, a stiff wallop in either hand, a legendary invincibility and a reputation among black and white of being modest, clean living and in every way a champ. He was just what the doctors ordered. He was built up by perfect publicity. His opponents were knocked down by a perfect left hand and Joe himself stood up, a little bewildered, and rolled in glory because there was nobody on the fistic horizon half good enough to put him away. The sports writers, happy again to find someone worth writing about, screamed his praises, and the hack Hype Igoe had him beating every great old timer with the exception of Bob Fitzsimmons in a series of imaginary bouts. The press and the fans, to say nothing of the money men, found in young Joe a very welcome and opportune addition to the scroll of ring immortals. Joe owned the world and deservedly so. Deservedly so, also, for he has done much more for his race than being the worthy heavyweight champion.

The tendency to look down upon the Negro, engendered by the slave tradition and perpetuated by the same self-seeking interests, is beginning to be regarded as a false, phony, and high-to-heaven smelling attitude. And Joe, in the realm of sports, has done more than his share in furthering this "enlightenment." At least in athletics today, the Negro is being given more of a chance than ever before.



This, however, has not always been the case. In the past when there has been a good white champion in the heavyweight division, the entire fistic retinue raking in the dough and the general attitude was one of indifference to the rights of the Negro, the black man hasn't stood much of a chance. Joe Louis' rise to his present eminence was assured not only because of the dearth of money material in the entire division but also because of his own ability and the growing recognition of Negro worth. After Tunney there were only bums and the public was wise to it. There was no prominent champion who would dare to draw the well-known color line. Joe was needed and he was spared from the barnstorming sort of career that was the lot of "Peter the Great" Jackson.

Peter Jackson, the greatest colored fighter of all time and one who could probably put even Joe Louis away in less than two rounds, came to this country after a tough career in Australia where he had claims to the Australian title and promptly took the colored championship from George Godfrey (the

original) by a nineteen round kayo out in California. This superb fighting man had two murderous hands, an ability to take anything that came his way, and a boxing skill gotten from Larry Foley's Australian slug-school that matched anything that had been seen in the States. In addition, he was a cultured gentleman of fine feeling.

Soon he was the black terror of his day, hanging up an impressive record string of twenty knockouts in the next two years, among whom were Joe McAuliff and Patsy Cardiff. It is to Jim Corbett's credit that he fought Jackson, and it was only by the skin of his teeth that he escaped oblivion right there. A month before the match, Jackson had been thrown from a racing sulkey and had seriously injured his leg. Disregarding the advice of his manager, Parson Davies, he took on "Gentleman Jim" and held him to a sixty-two round draw.

He tried in vain to get a return match with Corbett but the Gent, his heart set on the championship, discreetly refused to risk another go with the formidable

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Volunteers for Liberty

By Frank Beebe

ALL THE boys in the Abraham Lincoln Battalion loved Bernard Humanes. He was only 40, but he was one of the oldest of them all. He had left Spain many years before to settle down in Long Island. Now, back in Spain, he felt somehow responsible for these boys who had volunteered to help save democracy in his native country. He was an American citizen, but after all, Spain was where he was born.

The American boys were grateful for his efforts to make life in the front lines as comfortable and pleasant as possible. His specialty was fixing bed rests for the boys with soft grass. He was still making his rounds when they went to sleep, and they found him up when they awakened in the morning. The pride and joy of the battalion was a flower patch Humanes had created miraculously in the sandy soil close behind the trenches on the Jarama front.

They understood his feeling of indebtedness. No one tried to convince him that they had come because they believed a blow against fascism in Spain would be a blow against fascism all over the world. Humanes knew all about that of course. But that did not change his sense of gratitude and responsibility in the least.

When Bernard Humanes was killed by a fascist sniper at Brunete in July, he

left an empty place in the battalion that no one else could fill. Most of the people of Spain have never met any of the foreign volunteers who are fighting with them against the fascists, but their gratitude can never be described adequately in words.

Ralph Fox, the talented young British writer who later gave his life in Spain for the liberty of the world, told Anna Louise Strong: "We are important to Spain not because of our numbers, but because we show to the people of Spain that they are not abandoned, that fighters for freedom still exist throughout the world."

Robert Raven has described the value of the international volunteers to Spanish Democracy in these words: "Make them understand that those of us who are wounded or worse in *this* war are different from ordinary war victims. We're part of the thing we're

fighting for . . . Make them understand that these American hospitals are important not only for the kind of good work they do, but as symbols of the solidarity of *our* people with the *Spanish* people."

Raven sent this message to the people in the United States by the American writer and editor, Herbert Kline. Raven could not see Kline as he spoke because an exploding hand grenade had burned out both his eyes, and his head was swathed with bandages. Nor could he move for another explosion had seriously wounded both his legs at the same time. Yet Robert Raven could speak with the greatest optimism of the part he would still play in the fight against fascism when he returns to the United States. There is much he has to tell the American people.

As Spain's need, and the world's need, became clear, men who held democracy

(Right) American boys in the transport division of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade somewhere near Madrid. (Below) Stretcher bearers on the Jarama front



dear and counted liberty higher than life itself flocked to the side of the Government. Airmen like the French writer André Malraux, doctors like the American Dr. Barsky, military men like the Canadian Kleber, a bus driver from London, a trade union organizer from Australia, a railroad worker from Vancouver, youth leaders like Joe Lash of the American Student Union, poets like the American Edwin Rolfe, veterans, mechanics, engineers, workers, seamen like Harry Hynes.

They came to Spain with no romantic illusions about sunny Spain. The American boys, and the boys who went to Spain from Great Britain, France—yes, even from Italy and Germany—to serve



the people of Spain, expected hard work and they got hard work. First, they were assigned to training camps where they learned the rudiments of shooting and avoiding being shot. They were taught to scatter and run across a field without losing touch with one another.

The lessons they learned in training camp came in handy when the Abraham Lincoln Battalion saw action for the first time. It was on February 12, Lincoln's Birthday, a day the Lincoln boys will never forget. The fascists were threatening the Madrid-Valencia road, chief artery of supplies to Madrid. Their objective was a bridge on this road. It was the life-line of the courageous defenders of the capital, and it must be kept open at all costs. When the Americans came to the sector, they had to proceed cautiously in the general direction of the fascist forces. The terrain was uneven but open for hundreds of yards. The boys were sent forward in groups of six, each separated from the other by several yards. Ernest Hemingway has described this action in the film *Spanish Earth*.

"In the ultimate loneliness of what is known as contact. Where each man knows there is only himself and five other men, and before him all the great unknown. This is the moment that all the rest of war prepares for, when six men go forward into death to walk across a stretch of land and by their presence on it prove—this earth is ours. Six men were five. Then four were three, but these three stayed, dug in and held the ground. Along with all the other fours and threes and twos that started as sixes."

The Abraham Lincoln Battalion held the road more than four months despite repeated attack by Moors, Italians and

Germans. At last the Americans were relieved by other Americans in the George Washington Battalion. It was a great disappointment to them that they were not able to meet their brother volunteers. But they were to meet later. There was no time now for celebration. From the front they went to Alberas for a much needed rest.

The first great and victorious offensive of the 15th Brigade, of which the Abraham Lincoln Battalion became a part, began in July. On July 3 the boys got their marching orders. At every village they came to they found the road barricaded, with peasant boys in black smocks and black berets on guard. Their papers were very solemnly examined by the villagers, although it was often plain that they did not know how to read. Then a Spaniard in the battalion or someone who had learned the Spanish words would say, "Campaneros Americanos." The villagers would be all smiles, there would be handclasps all around, and the boys would march through.

In the countryside they saw young boys, old men and women working in the fields. The men at the front must have food. As they approached the fields, hands were lifted, right arms went up in the Popular Front salute. "Salud, Comrades!" Those who toil in the fields and work in the factories also fight for Spain.

There was wild waving of arms and cheering when American trucks and ambulances and mobile hospitals drove by from and toward the front. Many Americans are doing splendid work in transport companies and with the medi-

An American machine-gun crew fighting on the Jarama front

cal units that have been sent to Spain by relief agencies and other pro-Loyalist organizations in the United States. The transport trucks were always occupied. There never have been enough of them. They bring men and munitions and food to the trenches. Frequently they drive at night without lights to avoid attracting the attention of fascist airmen. They drive at high speed, at every turn courting death or broken bones.

The doctors, orderlies and nurses who have volunteered for service in Spain also know what it is to work within the range of shells and aerial bombs. Under these conditions, they are called upon to perform major operations. Everything in the hospitals is well organized. Their heroic work goes on as usual, without panic and confusion.

On the eve of the Fourth of July the Abraham Lincoln Battalion met the George Washington Battalion for the first time, two kilometers from Torrelodones. Old friends who had not seen each other since they had left the States fell into each other's arms. Everyone was in high spirits. Many wondered how the Fourth was being observed this year back home. Were the American people conscious of the importance of the struggle in Spain. Had anyone heard from New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, New Orleans, Houston, San Francisco? Look at the letter I got from Jim from Detroit! Did you hear that the auto workers got their contract? Go ahead, read it; it's addressed to me, but really to all of us.

They renewed old acquaintanceships and revived friendships. They never had had so many things in common as they found on that spot in the road two kilometers from Torrelodones. They were hungry for news of mutual friends, and even of people they had not known very well when they had left the States. They fed on each other's letters, clippings from home town newspapers, snap shots,

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Champs of the month

By Jim Murphy and Jo Page



ADDLEY BAKER—Oiler

This heroic seaman, exhausted and half-drowned, crawled out of the Gulf of Mexico and sent the coast guard to rescue the crew of the lost freighter "Tarpon" which went down in heavy seas off Florida. Addley struck out for land as soon as his ship sank and for twenty-five hours, he battled with gigantic waves to bring aid to his ship-mates. Although thirteen were lost, eleven were saved as a result of his heroism.



JADWIGA JEDRZEJOWSKA—Sluggo

Dubbed Miss Yah-yah by thick-tongued but nimble-witted gentry, Jad's Polish as her name hints, and in her native land, she gets along by typing. All good people work. With an arm like a blacksmith, Jad bowls them over by sheer strength, but poor coaching has left her short on skill. This year she dropped the Women's Nationals but she'll be back again, and we'll still be rooting for her. Good luck, Jad!



DR. JEROME DAVIS—Ex-professor

If the reactionary colleges harbor any more like him and for "reasons of economy" are going to kick them out, it's a decided boon to trade unions. They don't waste such high-grade talent. Jerome Davis, whose dismissal from Yale was followed by a nationwide protest, was re-elected president of the American Federation of Teachers. He's pro-C.I.O., progressive and lives for academic freedom. Under his guidance, the Federation will remain a major progressive force.



DONALD BUDGE

This fuzzy, freckled and happy face is none other than twenty-two year old Donald Budge. He brought the Davis Cup to the States for the first time in ten years and took the National title at the recent Forest Hills championship matches. A gold mine in the hands of the amateur tennis stuffed-shirts, there is much speculation as to whether he'll turn pro and clean up himself. Can't blame him if he does. His father's been driving a truck for thirty years, and truck drivers' sons are not usually well off. One of the few cases where a poor guy can use his talents for his own good.



KID CHOCOLATE

The first time we saw the Kid, he was soaking up rent-money for his pauperized countrymen on 112th Street and Lenox Avenue. Then he took the championship and then soft living took him. He went back to Cuba broke in more ways than one. A year ago, he returned and started uphill. He has twenty-four victories to his credit already, and if the money men come across with an even break, it looks like he'll be back on top. To all observers, he seems to be flashing the same form he used to. An amazing comeback. The Kid is young and tough. Youth will prevail.

Tackling the Season

By Al Levitt

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH

IN THE autumn of the year, the green leaves turn red, the warm breezes become chill, and the sports scribes polish up their superlatives. King Football ascends the throne and the public thrills to the colossal, stupendous, and sensational feats of the nation's gridiron athletes. The "experts", professional and amateur, are making their predictions, and if you have the required monetary surplus to witness grid contests, or if you own a radio, or if you have three cents for a newspaper—then you, too, are an expert, and your guess is as good as theirs and less embarrassing, for you don't have to print yours.

According to all the conventions of logic, if there is such a thing as logic in football foresight, the farmhands and lumberjacks of Minnesota should give Bernie Bierman the country's most efficient 1937 model gridiron machine. Jock Sutherland's Pittsburgh Panthers shape up as the chief contestants against Minnesota's title claims, but the Swedes of the Mid-West are not scheduled to meet the boys from the Smoky City, so that if both teams run true to form the statisticians will probably do much calculating of relative performances against their three mutual foes, Nebraska, Notre Dame, and Wisconsin.

The Gophers have always rated way up both in quantity and quality of their material, which is all that a good coach need ask. Bernie Bierman seems to fall under the classification of a good coach, and his Viking stars of yesteryear should be replaceable without too much sacrifice of experience. Among the Norsemen who will figure heavily in the season's struggles will be Captain Ray King picketing one of the flanks, Andy Uram, whose last-minute 75-yard serpentine dash was the only score of the Nebraska tilt, which, with his other work of 1936, gives you an idea of what to expect this year, and Martin Christiansen, a 195-pound fullback who now returns to eligibility. Christiansen is a coach's delight. He tackles for keeps, and has the ball-carrying drive of a Nagurski or a Kostka.

The Minneapolis Blondes will not lack intra-conference competition to keep them on their toes. Northwestern has more than an outside chance of repeating the Minnesota upset of last year. A pair of halfbacks like Don Heap and Bernard Jefferson, a dynamic Negro medical student, is always a menace to any opposition. Jefferson has developed

into a triple-threat artist and may very well turn out to be the monkey wrench in Bierman's machinery. Noble Kizer also has covetous eyes on that Big Ten championship, and the Boilermakers of Purdue may win that title for their coach if they can get through the Wildcats of Northwestern, for it is their good fortune not to meet Minnesota this year.

Pitt has long been a horrid word in gridiron circles, and the 1937 aggregation of Panthers makes the reason apparent. Here is a plentiful, husky, fast, powerful, experienced squad with a Rose Bowl victory behind it and an upset by little Duquesne under its belt to offset any tinges of overconfidence. The line, with Bill Daddio and Fabian Hoffman at the terminals, should more than match Fordham's better ballyhooed "Seven Blocks of Granite," and the backfield is among the best in the East lacking only reserve power at the halfback posts. But with men of the calibre of Bill Stapulis and miraculous Marshall Goldberg, the shortage may not even be missed. Andy Kerr's Colgate crop and Gil Dobie's Boston College outfit are the pre-season choices for sectional runner-up honors.

West of the Mid-West, east of the Far West, and north of the Southwest—a geographical jumble which represents the mid-lands where hard, fast, and

heavy football is played, and where Nebraska plays it better than anyone else. The Cornhuskers have an opportunity of scrambling the mythical national crown by tripping Minnesota or Pitt, both of whom it meets in the current campaign.

Dana X. Bible left Nebraska to return to the cattle country where he is engaged in the ambitious task of teaching the University of Texas gridders how to stop the Arkansas Razorbacks, defending titleholders of the circuit, who will probably repeat this year. Mr. Bible's project is an ambitious one, but we can't feel too sorry for him and his labors. It took a ten-year contract at more than \$20,000 per annum to lure him away from the Cornhuskers. In spite of Coach Bible receiving more than the president of the University, it is the Texas Aggies who have the best chance of clipping the Razorbacks.

Dixie, the land of sunshine, cotton croppers, and mint juleps will be well represented among the grid greats of the country by Alabama and Mississippi State. Louisiana State will continue to carry on without Huey Long and will provide plenty of football and plenty of trouble. Duke and Tennessee will also help to keep the southern cauldron

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"HEY, Joel! Look who's comin' around the corner! Swell gal all right!"

"She's okay!"

"Well?"

"Well, what, you mug, yuh!"

"Go ahead. Date her up!"

"Can't."

"Why? Broke?"

"Yeah."

"So'm I. Tough, ain't it?"

"It's tough all right."

"It's the breaks."

The gang around our block got them all, the bad breaks I mean. I don't say so just because we were all out of work. You get so you don't expect very much after awhile. But things *always* seemed to land us the left hooks.

For instance, take Joe. His family lived in a room on the fourth floor of a tenement house. There were six of them—his mother, three sisters, and his kid brother; pretty crowded but they managed to jam in. Joe and the kid stayed in the park on the hot nights. His sister had a job in a "coffee-and." His mother received some kind of relief. They got by somehow, but they were always hungry. Of course, Joe couldn't go out on many dates. All he could afford was a soda, a dime movie, or a dance at our Club room.

When the police broke up our Club, Joe was taken in because he was kissing a girl. They'd been dancing and had stopped by a window. Immoral, they called it. We managed to get him out of a jam, but he doesn't come around much any more. He's afraid.

They threatened to close our Club room and break up our friendships. Every one of us had troubles of his own. We didn't want any more, but we hated to see them bust up our gang. It was the only thing we had.



The Breaks

By Ronald Hallett

Take Harry and Al and some of the others. They were by themselves. No family. They used to pool what money they could scrape up and shoot craps until they'd won enough to live on for awhile. One day, the cops came by and broke in on the game. A racket, they said. Delinquent, they called Harry and his pals. After that, Al left us and got

mixed up with some *real* racketeers. One night, he got caught; a bank robbery. In the excitement, Al got shot. You know the rest.

When the police and the welfare agencies began digging into his past, they discovered the Club. They decided to close us out. That was the worst. How we hated to see our gang go to pieces. We didn't know what to do. We tried to see people. It did no good. They were gunning for us. Things looked pretty bad.

But nothing happened. We began to wonder. We decided they'd forgotten about us. We drifted along day after day. The gang came around. We'd talk, kick around the street, and hang around with some girls we knew.

One day, a new fellow came into the Club. He was a swell guy; used to get us free tickets and passes to sports and shows. That helped take up time. He liked to talk, and we liked to talk with him. He had some interesting ideas about clubs, and we used to spend hours discussing them and making plans for our own Club.

He and a couple of the gang worked out a constitution for us, and doped out how it could be run better. After that, when we had our first meeting, we talked way into the night. There were so many things to decide. Some of the guys thought it should be just a social club

and give dances, but one guy kept insisting he knew a fellow who would give free lectures on current events. We figured we could stand that once in a while for variety's sake, so we elected the guy head of the program committee.

The first night his friend came down, we got into a big fight about war or something. It lasted a long time. Some of us got so worked up we wanted to hold discussions on different questions every week. Before we knew it, we had a regular discussions committee bringing in ideas and getting people to lecture and give us books to read. We hashed out everything from soup to nuts including such brain twisters as housing, social security, the American Youth Act. Some of the old gang thought we were going too highbrow, but not for long. One night a doctor on our block agreed to talk on sex. We packed the house.

We must have made quite a noise among the clubs in our neighborhood, because one day, the president of another club came around and challenged us to a baseball game. We didn't have a regular team, but a couple of our guys could swing the bat and after a few days practice, we weren't so bad.

After the game, our opponents invited us to a dance at their club. Theirs was in an old cellar which they had fixed over. We didn't want them to get ahead of us, so we decided to paint some murals on our walls. We met some swell girls over there and wanted to invite them to our Club for a dance. We decided we ought to finish redecorating our headquarters first. One afternoon, we went to an auction shop and spent about five dollars from the Club treasury on some second hand furniture. The club began to look like the real thing. When we had our dance, we were really proud of our quarters.

Some of the kids that we met at the dance, told us about the Federation. That was an organization for all of the social, cellar, and athletic clubs. It was a place where clubs could swap ideas and plan inter-club dances, tournaments, and all sorts of activities. We got a lot of ideas from the Federation discussions.

One thing the Federation did that helped us a lot was to sponsor a one act play writing contest for club members of the Federation. One of our fellows with the help and suggestions of others wrote a little skit about our club. It

won second prize. We decided to put it on and charge admission. This gave our treasury quite a boost and got a lot of people who lived in the neighborhood interested in our Club. Some of them donated different articles to us. Among them was an old typewriter and a radio. It's funny how our club has changed, and some of us, too.

The club has seemed to put a lot of us on our feet. The cops don't bother us now. We still have problems, but we thrash them out together and manage to find some pretty good solutions. Yes, 's the breaks, all right. But a different kind.

"Hey, Joe! Look who's comin' around the corner! Swell gal all right!"

"She's okay!"

"Well?"

"Well, what, yuh mug, yuh!"

"Go ahead. Date her up!"

"Say that's an idea! I'll ask her to the dance at our Club room!"

"What dance?"

"The 'Pals Club' dance at the Club room tomorrow night!"

"That's right! Why didn't I think of it. What a break! A good one, I mean."



Ted Key

"Dear Voice of Experience: Some babe took me for a nickel and I never seen her since."

A New Day for Old China

By Harvey Robins

DO YOU remember that great yellow splash over the maps in your geography books in school? It spread over almost all of the Far East, it seemed, and had a lot of names you couldn't twist your tongue around, names like Szechuan, Kwangsi, Chekiang provinces, or cities with "honeys" like Kia-chow, Peiping, Tientsin, Shanghai, Changping-Chou, Wuhan, Changsha. That stretch of yellow was China.

Back in the school-days, the only place you could see those tongue-twisters were in the school-books. Today, you see them in the headlines of the newspapers. Such headlines as "Tientsin Shelled by Japanese; University Aflame", or "Armies Battle Near Peiping in Drive by Chinese to Regain North," or "400 Civilians Killed in Shanghai as Shell Lands in International Settlement."

You may remember from the textbooks that China was the oldest civilized country in the world. China had invented printing while Europe was dropping ink blots on papyrus for letters. Chinese literature, commerce, art, were at a high level early in China's 5,000 years of history. Yet China today is a country of youth, where everyone feels young, with that pride that a youthful nation feels in battling for its independence. Japan's gun-toting Army leaders, who have been angling for decades to make China its own private hunting ground, find themselves today waging a life-and-death battle with a united China, a China fighting with the valor, courage and decision of youth which is proud and anxious for its future freedom and happiness.

The young people of China, and first and foremost its students, can truly boast that they have been part of the fuse that set the flame of national unity ablaze in the Far Eastern land. China's youth affixed their signature to a new Declaration of Independence for their country, and were in the forefront of the movement which led the people—peasants, workers, shopkeepers, industrialists, government officials—to join hands in making that Declaration a reality.

In the schools and colleges, in 1935 and 1936, monster demonstrations were organized by student leaders, who refused to see Japanese imperialism devour their land piecemeal without protest. At that time the central government at Nanking still had not come over to the anti-Japanese front, and the students had to

face policemen's batons, soldiers' machine-guns, bleak jails, and possible death under the executioners' big blade when they demanded resistance to the Japanese invader.



Loh Tsei

Among that valiant crew of students who took over the helm of unity in Kuomintang China, was a tiny Chinese girl. She led her fellow-students through the streets of Peiping, broke through the police cordons, and roused tremendous sentiment for national unity. Under her leadership, the demonstrators demanded that a halt be called to the suicidal civil war, which set one militarist against another, and all the militarists against the peasants and workers, and which threw the entire force of the Kuomintang, the ruling party in Nanking, against China's famous Red Army, which was supporting the student's demands.

That was Loh Tsei. Loh Tsei has become known to American youth, and American students particularly, because she is here in the United States now. She is the living bond that connects the youth of China with the youth of America, the land whose people are traditionally friends of the Chinese.

But even the older men in China are still young, both in years and in spirit. The members of the Nanking Government are in their thirties and forties for the most part, while the troops in the central government armies are almost all in their late 'teens and their twenties. Even younger on the average are the leaders of China's Anti-Japanese

People's Army, as the Red Army has been named to fit its new tasks. Edgar Snow, famous newspaperman, who spent months in the Chinese Soviet districts, reports that most of the Red soldiers are strapping lads somewhere around the age of twenty or so.

After the famous Sian incident last December, when Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was captured by revolvers who demanded that he take up the cudgels against Japan, China has been stretching its muscles to test its new-found strength, the strength of unity. China has grown firm in the united resolution to establish one Chinese nation, with an increasing insistency on democracy, progress, true peace, and the welfare of the masses. The strapping Chinese youngster knew, however, that the bully of the Far East, the Japanese Army and the military-fascist clique that is in the saddle, would not permit China to achieve unification without another attempt to subjugate the ancient, and young, Chinese nation. Having taken Manchuria for their own in 1932, the Japanese militarists decided to repeat the experiment.

The Japanese espionage service in China is one of the wiliest spy systems anywhere in the world. At the same time the Japanese imperialists do not beat around the bush when they want to start a war. They stage a provocation—arrange a night-manoeuvre on July 7th and on July 8th, under the pretext of searching for a soldier missing from the night manoeuvre, they attack the District of Wenping with their full military forces and force the Chinese soldiers to fire in self-defense—and then proclaim that they have to put the clamps on China "to preserve peace in the Far East." That was how the so-called Lukouchiao "incident" was set off, that was how two Japanese sailors met death when ordered into forbidden territory, the Hungjao military airport in Shanghai. With these pretexts, the Japanese militarists have begun their long-scheduled war on China.

But Japan is economically and financially in no way to wage a long war, and knows it. Any prolonged war, such as the Chinese can now force upon their foe, will drain Japan of its economic resources, its manpower, and raise the specter of a truly popular government in the island empire. The Japanese rulers have set their hopes on a quick, smashing war to slice up China. This hope

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Alf Giles Expands

By Edward Smolack

ILLUSTRATED BY OWEN MIDDLETON

ALF GILES lowered his newspaper and took inventory. "Over-population!" he growled, gazing about him. "That's what it is." Pointing with his pipe, he laboriously counted: "One ... two ... three ... four ... five ... and six!" he finished triumphantly, as he finally caught sight of the last kid crawling around in front of the closet. "Yeah, and one more coming," he thought himself. "Over-population!" he growled again. "Gotta do something about it." And Alf Giles squinted reflectively at the wall which separated his apartment from that of the meek Davisons' next door. He smacked his greedy lips as he vividly pictured, not only their three rooms, but also their nicely stocked larder; to say nothing, of course, of that soft red-velvet easy-chair. "Japan demands colonies—," he glanced again at his paper,—“and Hitler says he needs raw materials.” He spat, and he watched his brown-stained saliva slowly trickle down the wall. When it reached the floor, Alf Giles jumped into action. Kicking the last sprawling infant out of the way, he opened the closet door and peered inside. "Ah!" he said. "One baseball bat and— Now where the hell is that monkey-wrench? Ah!" he said again as he found it and weighed it tentatively in his hand. "These ought to do the trick..."

The meek Davisons, however, were not so meek; and it was a pretty good thing for Alf that he had had the foresight to bring along the monkey-wrench as well as the baseball bat. For with the former, he was early able to kayo old man Davison. He tried to be careful, though, how he smacked Davison's kids. He didn't want to cripple them very badly—Not if he could help it, he didn't. They would have to work for him now... Oh, he knew his onions all right. As for the consequences—*Pooh!* He knew how to handle everything. He didn't read the papers for nothing, did he? If *they* could do the same thing and get away with it, well so could he.

Conqueror Alf Giles gazed about at his new possessions and for a moment he stared concernedly at a widening splatter on the red easy-chair which showed moist and dark.

"Ah! So what?" he said, and he grinned with the grin of a knowing idiot— And as he stood and grinned, all the other neighbors in the house who had heard the rumpus broke in.

"Alf Giles!" they all said. "Whatever are you doing?"

So Alf, with his bat in his right hand and his monkey-wrench in his left, stood up on Davison's table and he started to speak, barking like a mad dog. But after the first few minutes of his soul-shaking speech, self-righteousness got the better of him and his words became mostly incoherent. All you could make out were some isolated remarks such as:

"...and if not for me, these aliens who have crept into our very midst to pursue their devil's work, would have befouled our proud house with their degeneracy—"

Such as:

"...and it is a well-known scientific fact that the Davisons have an inferior quality of blood. It is our sacred duty towards God to maintain our pure supremacy—"

And such as:

"...I stand as a bulwark against this menacing scourge. It has been ever *My Battle*. I am your *Leader!*"

When Alf finished his speech, one of the neighbors said "Oh!" and all the other neighbors said in chorus: "Oh!" Then they all left quietly.

And so it began.

For Alf paused only to make things homelike in his newly-acquired apart-

ment. Then, putting his oldest kid, the spit an' image of himself, in charge there, he immediately went up to the next floor with his bat and monkey-wrench. This was where Mrs. Meyers lived; and she had a very soft bed which she needed because she was so frail... It was all over quite fast, and then, Alf reclined on the soft bed with the sigh of a man who had done a hard day's work.

Soon, all the neighbors, as before, came popping in.

"Alf Giles!" they all said in chorus. "Whatever have you done?" Mrs. Meyers, God rest her soul, was a very weak old lady and she had the very purest blood—although not much," they added as they gazed around at the floor.

So Alf Giles stood up in the bed, and with his bat in his right hand and his monkey-wrench in his left, he made another speech.

Among other things, he said:

"...Pure blood, indeed! Wasn't she friendly with the Davisons?"

And:

"...I came here to *civilize!* Why, just look at those terrible yellow curtains—"

When Alf finished his speech, one of the neighbors again said "Oh!", but only half of the rest echoed him this time. The others merely stood ominously

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Plant in the Sun

Five Kids Sit Down

PLANT IN THE SUN, a one-acter by Ben Bengal won the first prize in the Youth Play Contest sponsored by the New Theatre League. It is a lively play about a sit-down of kids in the shipping department of a candy factory. Pee wee Connors is fired for talking union. The kids don't know much about unions and less about sit-downs. But Pee wee's been fired, sit-down is in the air, and Pee wee himself is a natural born leader. The result is a pocket-edition sit-down of the five kids. The news gets around to the other departments.

Tony, a packer, sticks his head in at left.

Tony: (*Apprehensively peering over an office-boy's shoulder*) Hey Pee wee? It is true? Yer canned?

Pee wee: Yeah—and we're pullin' a sit-down strike.

Tony: (*Amazed*) A what?

Skinny: A sit-down—1937 model!

Tony: (*Exclaiming*) Maronn'—no kiddin'!

Tubbo: Honest. Till they take Pee wee back.

Tony: Wait'll I tell the fellas. Say you guys got guts all right.

Skinny: (*Tauntingly*) Sure. Whaddaya tink we are anyway—packers?

Tony: (*Angrily*) Oh yeah!

Skinny: Yeah.

Tony: Aa-a-a—I'll smack yuh down so hard, yuh'll be a midget fer the rest a yuh life.

Skinny: You'n who else—Mooza-leeny?

Pee wee: (*Sharply pushing Skinny away*) Skinny, you dumb kluck, what tuh hell d'yuh tink yer doin'?

Skinny: A-a—Pee wee, we can't let a packer get away with 'at stuff.

Pee wee: You pull a stunt like that again an' we'll vote yuh a medal, a black one, right under the eye.

Tony: Yeah—an' I'll pin it on fer yuh.

Pee wee: I know we always been givin' the other departments the old razoo but that don't go now. Yuh see that, doncha fellas?

Tubbo: Okay Pee wee. Only it ain't so easy tuh break a habit.

But they do break the habit. A new spirit of solidarity and discipline is born. The other departments take up collections for them, the packers, the dipping girls, even the "sister-susies" from the office as the boys derogatively used to call them before the great event. "It's growin' fellas," cries Pee wee excitedly,

"growin' fast—like a plant in the sun." "Listen guys," replies Mike fervently, "if I ever bellyache about anybody in the other departments, somebody give me a swift boot in the can, will yuh?"

Mr. Roberts, head of the factory walks in. He tries to talk the boys out of it, first sweetly and then with mounting anger as the kids sit tight. "This ship-pin' room'n us are gonna be like—Romeo 'n Jooliet!" says Pee wee. The boys insist upon Pee wee's being taken back. Roberts refuses. "Then we'll sit here, Mr. Roberts," announces Skinny with finality, "till yuh change yer mind." "You might wear a hole in your pants and have to leave in a barrel," retorts Roberts furiously, "or a patrol wagon," and as he storms out, he turns for a final threat, "or even on a stretcher, who knows?"

Pee wee wants to get in touch with the union but nobody even knows the name of it.

Pee wee: Quick, who remembers the name of the union Danny wuz always talkin' about?

Skinny: I remember seein' it some place. Now where the hell wuz it?

Pee wee: (*Pondering*) Something workers union. That first word—I kin never remember it—a fancy word—means candy.

Tubbo: Hadda kinda swing to it. Four words, Pee wee, not three. Blankety workers blankety union.

Skinny: Wait a minute, fellas. I remember now. It's written on the wall in the—

Pee wee: Go get it Skinny.

Skinny dashes out and comes rushing back with the information.

Skinny: (*Announcing*) Confectionery Workers Industrial Union.

Pee wee: 'At's the jawbreaker—

confectionery. (*Goes to the phone book*)

Izzie: I'm a confectionery worker—honest?

Tubbo: Sure—all of us.

Izzie: Well, whaddaya know? I'll have tuh tell my sister. Tinks she's much 'cause she works a switchboard.

Mike: How d'yuh spell confectionery?

Skinny: Mike, you'll never be president.

Mike: So I'll be vice-president. I ain't ambitious.

"Horseface" Hopkins, company official comes in with a policeman who is no more successful in talking the kids into quitting than Mr. Roberts. The cop "walks around leisurely, sizing up the layout. As he examines the doors at left, he glances significantly at Hopkins who nods." "Okay kids," he says, "Stick around. Yuh'll get your free ride," and he exits with Hopkins. Henry, an office boy, suddenly appears with the information that "Horseface" intends locking the doors at the left to close them off from the rest of the factory. Pee wee thinks fast, realizes that isolation of the shipping room would mean "curtains" for the strike and digs up a chain, lock and key. "Here, Skinny," says Pee wee, "you chain the door back. I gotta phone the union. We need help." When Pee wee phones the union he gets a shock. There's a lot more to a sit-down than just sitting. He's crestfallen at his lack of understanding.

Pee wee: He said we gotta get the whole factory in on its behind or else we're just s.o.l.

Tubbo: (*Incredulous*) The whole factory? Why not the whole world?

Pee wee: He said din't I know what tuh hell'n industrial union meant'n 'at once yuh strike, yer supposed tuh strike hard.

Skinny: Whaddaya mean?

Pee wee: He said we shoulda asked fer recognition of the union, more pay'n less hours.

Izzie: (*Struck*) More pay'n less hours! Gee—perfect combination!

Pee wee desperately tries to follow out the advice of the union until the organizer will get there. He sends the kids out to round up representatives from the various departments. They are hesitant and dubious as to whether the others would be willing to sit-down with them. "Everybody's been bellyachin' fer years," pleads Pee wee, "Now we kin do sump-

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They Came From "Dead End"

By John Broome

BY NOW the six ragamuffins in *Dead End* are familiar figures to almost everyone. In the Broadway production they played before thousands; by virtue of the motion picture version they have succeeded in reaching millions. People all over the country are being amazed by the natural reality which these six bring to their characters. Who are these six boys and where did Sidney Kingsley, who wrote and cast the play, find them?

Kingsley created *Dead End* around six boys of the New York slums whose lives were being distorted away from normality, whose personalities were already taking on some of the characteristics of their gangster manhood-to-be (exemplified in maturity by the killer, Baby-face Martin). After he wrote the parts, Kingsley went out and looked for the boys.

He found Huntz Hall at the Madison Square Boy's Club. Huntz, 15 years old, who plays the part of "Dippy", is a New Yorker as—perhaps you guessed it—are all the others. Born and raised on 26th Street near the East River, Huntz still lives in that neighborhood. He was playing at the Club near-by when Kingsley spotted him. After a few minutes, the playwright realized he had found the first of his boys. Huntz Hall was "Dippy." The gestures, the voice, the inimitable slum jargon—all were there. Kingsley gave the boy a try-out, and Huntz came through in grand style.

There is small danger that he will turn to gangsterism any more. A new life has opened for him, a life wherein the miserable pressure of poverty is lifted allowing a normal slant on society. Gangsters see life with a distorted perspective. Remove the conditions which make for such abnormality and the abnormality will disappear. Huntz Hall has been lifted out of the slums and given the chance to live a normal life. Grand performer that he is, he deserves everything he gets; but there are thousands of Huntz's left around the Madison Square Boy's Club. It's they that Kingsley had in mind when he wrote the play.

"Milty", the newcomer to the macabre little gang who wises up overnight to their ways, is Bernard Punsley, also of the lower East Side. Bernard and his family lived in the area until Punsley Sr. could scrape up enough money to get out. After years of struggle, they managed to get over the bridge to Brooklyn where they are living now.



Bernard, like all the other ragamuffins except one, was never on the stage before. Author Kingsley, roaming the streets of New York, came across Bernie, with several other urchins, dodging automobiles during a hot game of punchball. Like those of Huntz before him, Bernie's mannerisms and New Yorkese delighted the playwright.

With all of his "finds" Kingsley underwent considerable preparation before he had them read so much as a line of the dialogue. First of all, he became an intimate buddy of each boy individually. He got to know them, their ways and their peculiarities. At the initial rehearsal, their readings were stiff and stilted (even though it took place in the informal atmosphere of Kingsley's apartment). Kingsley got a ball, a bat and some gloves and took them out on the street for a game. There they were natural: they yelled, they cursed a bit, and their voices had the desired pitch. After that, they understood what he wanted from them. We have seen the results.

In the Bronx, Kingsley found Leo Gorcey, the tough "Spit" who squeals on "Tommy". Leo had been living in that northern borough all of his 16 years. Incidentally, he is the oldest of the lot. His father is Bernard Gorcey who played the original Abe in *Abie's Irish Rose*. Leo however was never on the stage.

As a matter of fact, before he got the part in *Dead End* he had been studying plumbing as a plumber's assistant.

From Brooklyn came Gabriel Dell to represent that borough and play the part of the poor, miserable waif, "T.B." Gabriel also had never been on the stage before. He was fortunate enough to be playing with friends in that familiar East Side area when Kingsley hove into view and spied him. Now Gabe is ambitious to become a good actor and is considered in the company to be the only real student of the bunch. He still goes over his lines religiously and tries to improve his characterization with each performance. We'll hear more from this boy.

Distinguished from the other four because of their training and experience in the entertainment world are Bobby Jordan and Billy Halop. Bobby, the little "Angel", was born in Harrison, N. Y., (which also differentiates him from the other strictly New Yorkers). He once appeared in a series of movie shorts for Warner Brothers and also had a small part in the stage production of *Street Scene*. In and around the theatre all his life, Bobby has always attended a school for professional children. When casting for *Dead End* began officially, Bobby walked in on Kingsley and asked for a part.

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Beauty, grace and muscle are needed for this pretty trick and these Soviet bathers qualify, don't you think? We'd try it ourselves if we were sent to this Caucasian resort by our trade union.

YOUNG IN YOUNG

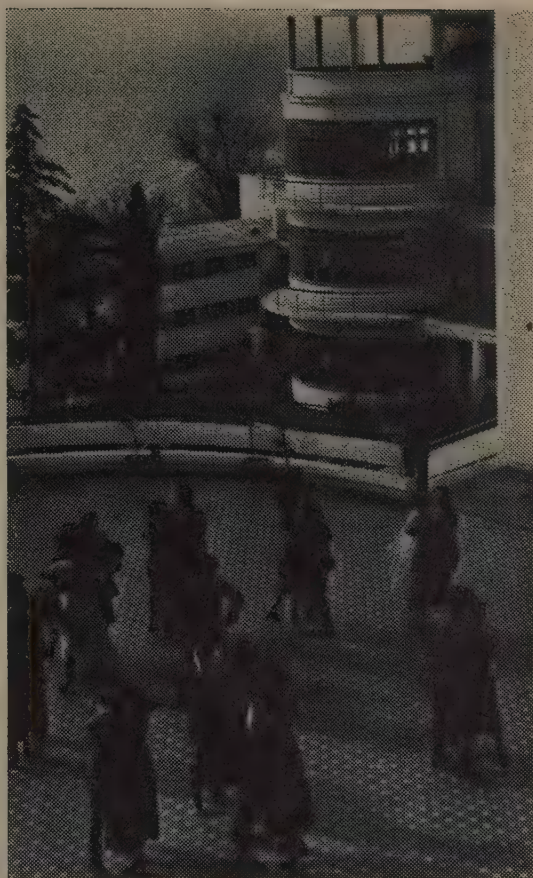
*November 7th, marking the
the Soviet Union, finds the
happy future*



The boys are up and at 'em in a rugby match between the Chemists and the laddies of the State Commercial Trade Union. Interesting fact is that the stadium belongs to the Chemists Trade Union and not to a puffy beer baron or chewing gum emperor.

PEOPLE A COUNTRY

*Twentieth Anniversary of
young Republic building a
for its youth*



It's just an ordinary fox-trot but it is real recreation for the Red Army men vacationing in Sochi, a Soviet "Riviera" on the Black Sea.

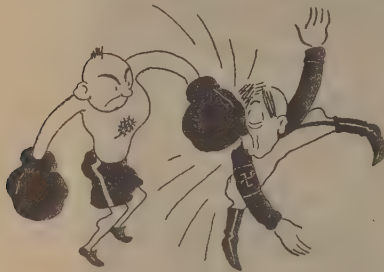


"Whoopie, now for a fast set of tennis," exclaims this foursome of agricultural workers vacationing in Yalta.

A Ringside Seat

THE CHAMPION, feeling a lot spryer in his new togs, is mighty glad to be back in the ring again. He's got both gloves on, and it isn't for shadow boxing. Wherever fascism or reaction pokes its ugly face, the Champ will be right there with a couple of wallops. And he has a few guys in mind. Those reactionaries of the Democratic Party in Congress who would rather play ball with their Liberty League friends than pay attention to the 27,000,000 Americans who voted for President Roosevelt and a progressive platform are some of the boys who need a jolt. These are the fair-weather friends who succeeded in defeating the bill to give the Supreme Court back to the people. Hitting below the belt, they won that bout in their battle against progress, but the Champ doesn't think they can get away with it for very long. In the City of New York, those same boys, wearing the colors of Tammany Hall, trotted out "Fink-Book" Copeland to run for mayor in the Democratic and Republican primaries. But the white-haired boy put up by Hearst and the Liberty League crowd went down for the count in both mixups.

Maybe their butlers love them, these Girdlers, Graces, Fords and Hearsts. Maybe their friends like them. We don't know and we don't care as long as they don't tell us what democracy is. We know what democracy is. We also know what it isn't. And for the benefit of those



dear worshippers of Hitler and Mussolini, the Champ points out a few examples of attacks on democracy: the Memorial Day massacre of workers in Chicago, (there's something in the Constitution about the right to assemble), the Black Legion and similar fascist and vigilante organizations supported by big business interests, the forcing of workers to join company unions to stem the tide of progressive trade unionism, the flaunting of the Wagner Labor Act by large corporations, the shelving in the South of the 13th, 14th, and 15th amendments to the Constitution which guarantee Negro rights. These are some of

the reasons why the Champ has his gloves on. The big shots who love democracy so much that they want it only for themselves are not going to like us very much. The Champ doesn't think that democracy is something you can wrap up in a neat little package and put away for safe keeping. The safest place for democracy is right in the people's own hands. And the Champ will stand up to defend it against any guy who doesn't think so. Every blow struck at those gorillas, fascism and reaction, is a blow in defense of progress and democracy. The Champ would like to feel that behind every punch there are thousands of arms. He wants the gloves loaded with your fists. It's not just a ring-side seat you're getting. You're in the ring with him. And he knows you'll stay there until those two phonies get the kayo and are carried out for a quiet burial.

THE CHAMPION likes fair play. So do the American people. "Don't kick a man when he's down" is a particularly American expression. We believe in giving a guy a break. That's why our foreign policy with respect to China has been distasteful to all fair-minded Americans. It's the same policy which has helped Hitler and Mussolini in their invasion of the democratic country of Spain. Japan has been arming for a long time. She has been buying scrap iron, cotton, and other war materials from us for years. She is well supplied for her present attack against the Chinese Republic. Her merchant marine continues to bring her the raw materials for bombs with which to murder Chinese women and children. On the other hand, China, a peaceful nation, has not piled up huge armaments to serve her in this hour of need. She has no merchant marine to supply her with the means of defense against Japan's aggression. She's in a bad spot. And how has our democratic government been behaving towards a sister republic in this crisis? Look here, says the United States, we're neutral in this affair. If either of you wants supplies, you'll have to come over here and get it in your own ships. What a perfect "neutrality"! China, with no merchant marine, can't even get war materials to defend herself against Japan's unprovoked invasion, while Japan, which has been arming to the teeth for years, continues freely to arm herself still further in order to bomb more Chinese cities. This has been our policy of "neutrality"! It is "neutrality" of this kind which will drag us into another world war. By closing

our eyes to fascist aggression, we encourage the mad dictators in further attacks. By hoping that a little slice will satisfy the militarists, we only whet their appetites for more seizures. Ethiopia, Spain, and now China. What next? A world war is the inevitable conclusion of such policy. That's why we hail Roosevelt's magnificent speech denouncing aggressor nations and calling for active American participation in the world-wide effort to secure peace. We whole-heartedly support this stand. The action started by the State Department is the first step in what we hope will be real cooperation with all peace-loving nations to maintain world peace.



The Champ would like to digress for a moment to make a parable. There used to be a bully in the neighborhood who terrorized all the other kids. He had taking ways. First, it was one kid's top. Then another one's ball. He blustered and made a lot of noise. And sometimes he even got tough and did a little socking. Individually, the kids couldn't do very much. They didn't want to start a fight. One day some of them got a bright idea. They got all the others together and laid down the law to the bully. They promised to knock the daylight out of him if he touched another kid. It worked. That's what you call *collective action*. And it will work on a world scale as well as around the block.

The Nine Power Treaty signed at the Washington Conference of 1921-22 plainly guarantees China's territorial integrity and national independence. The Kellogg Peace Pact of 1928 outlaws war and defines the aggressor. Japan signed both of these treaties. *The only way we can prevent another world war is by collective action for peace together with France, the Soviet Union, England, China and other democratic nations.* A bully, whether it be a kid or a nation, will think twice when he sees the boys getting together. It's about time Uncle Sam used a little of his native Yankee

shrewdness. With Uncle Sam taking the lead in collective action, the tough eggs will climb back through the hole in the fence and stay in their own back yards.

WHILE the nation celebrates the 150th anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution, we might pause to remind ourselves that this famous document belongs to the people. Of course, the magicians of the Supreme Court, believing that the hand is quicker than the eye, have more than once tried to slip it under their black robes. But you can't fool all the people all the time. Even way back in 1789, the people were suspicious of sleight of hand. And they were suspicious of the reactionaries of their own day, too. Good old Benjamin Franklin used to refer to them as those "rich rogues." Ben Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Tom Paine and other *real* democrats had to fight against the Liberty Leaguers of those days to keep them from stealing away their rights. That's why we have the first ten amendments to the Constitution making up the Bill of Rights which guarantees free speech, the right to assemble, to bear arms, etc. The people demanded it. We still have to keep our eyes open to watch out that the Girdlers, Fords and Hearsts don't try to steal it away from us. Down South, our Southern gentlemen seem to have misplaced and conveniently forgotten a few important amendments concerning the Negro people. We'll have to keep reminding them as with the Angelo Herndon and Scottsboro cases that we're living in the democratic United States and not under Black Shirt Mussolini or Nazi Hitler.

WE can always detect Mussolini no matter how he disguises himself, even when he masquerades as a pirate in the Mediterranean. Perhaps he thought we'd mistake his chin for the Rock of Gibraltar. No chance. That pirate racket had all the ear-marks of fascism. Dear Benito, civilization's shining light, would just love to make the Mediterranean look like an Italian lake. But now that the Nyon Conference has taken place, we're very much afraid that Benito has had a good cry. Perhaps he and Adolph, the Mustache, are having a good cry together.

The Nyon Conference has had certain definite results. First of all it exposed the "mysterious" submarines. The French and British navies have moved into the Mediterranean for purposes of patrol which puts a lull in the piracy racket. Any attack on merchant shipping other than that of Loyalist Spain will be dealt with immediately by the Franco-British fleet.

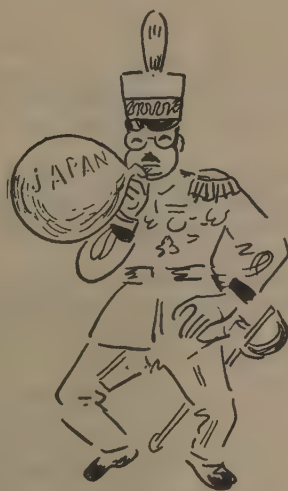
THE CHAMPION thinks that the Soviet Union's calling together of the Nyon Conference is a step in the right direc-



Watch me



I can make it bigger



See? ? ?



!!!

tion. We would like to see more conferences which would result in the collective action of peace loving nations. That's the only method by which the world can defend itself against the wild-eyed Berlin-Rome-Tokio outfit.

THE Administration has suddenly seen fit to slash the NYA budget by one-third. As Mr. Aubrey Williams, Director of the National Youth Administration points out, this "economy" means that 65,000 needy college students, 120,000 high school students, and 60,000 jobless young people who are out of school will be cut off from the benefits of federal youth aid and left to seek jobs fruitlessly in a still overcrowded labor market. THE CHAMPION urges individuals and organizations to send letters and wires to President Roosevelt as well as Senators and Representatives to convince them of the desperate situation facing young people because of this drastic reduction in NYA

funds. Get your club, trade union, and other organizations to start the ball of protest rolling. Let these "economy" experts learn that they can't economize with the health and lives of the youth of the nation.

THE Second National Negro Congress convenes during October 15, 16 and 17 in Philadelphia, the Cradle of Liberty. While America celebrates the 150th Anniversary of the Constitution, the Negro people are still struggling to obtain the elementary rights guaranteed them in the Constitution. As long as the Negro people are denied their rights, our much vaunted liberties are empty words. There is no freedom but freedom for all. THE CHAMPION extends greetings to the great Negro people through the Second National Congress and pledges its support with that of all progressive Americans in the fight that they are waging against discrimination.

Miss America

WHEN a girl gets despondent, it's more than likely that she needs something new to wear. It may be only a new feather for a hat or a colorful pin to brighten up a dark dress. The immediate effect is a noticeable gain in confidence and poise.

The girl with a small budget can get away with a great deal of ingenuity. If you can't buy all the winter clothes that you would like to, there are millions of ways to recondition your 1936 wardrobe. Spend a day window shopping. Your clothes sense will surely be sharpened.

The well-dressed woman this year is not much concerned about her accessories matching. She'll wear a pert red hat with a yellow wool dress and a dark grey coat. Do you get the idea? You can make up your own color combinations as long as they are not too vivid. They should give a soft, hazy appearance.

Simple well-tailored clothes are proper for all occasions. A not too strictly tailored suit has a long life, doesn't pile up tremendous cleaning bills, and can be brightened up with different colored blouses and scarfs. When you want to look dressed up, wear your suit with a silk blouse; for ordinary occasions, cotton blouses are smart and inexpensive.

If you're buying a coat this year, remember that full length box coats are very popular. Fur on the sleeves is the incoming mode. To be sure of a good buy, examine the depth of the hem which shouldn't be skimpy. See that the stitching of the inside seams is close and that the lining is carefully secured at the bottom. Demand specific facts about the fabric, fur and construction. If you're buying a coat trimmed with fur, ex-



amine the leather side which should be soft and pliable. Make sure that the coat looks well when open as well as fastened. You'll find that beaver, Alaskan seal, mink, racoon, otter and skunk are the best wearing fur trimmings.

A word on the care of furs. If the neckpiece gets wet, hang it up to dry in a cool place. Any heat will draw the oils out of the skins.

If you decide to get a tweed coat or suit, obtain as firm and closely woven a fabric as possible. Generally it is best to purchase tweeds labeled as "100% virgin wool."

Your coat and suit problem over, give some attention to dresses. Improve last year's dresses by new ornaments which are very stylish this year. A suede belt with gold nailheads and a ruby brooch set in gold will fix up any black dress you have. Because of the popularity of jewelry this year you can get these items for less than a dollar.

See that you have at least one wool dress. Match it up with any coat you're going to wear this season. Any bright wool, especially plaid, will go well with a dark coat. If your coat is bright, then a black wool is stunning. Before buying your dress, raise arms to see if shoulders and sleeves will stand the straphangers test. Sit down to see if the skirt rides up the hips. The skirt should fall gracefully over the knees. A good index to quality of workmanship is the stitching of the side opening and sewing of the snaps.

After attending to all your practical clothes, among which you might include an odd skirt and jacket, don't hesitate to splurge on a really dressy dress, if you can afford it. A sleek, shiny black silk jersey or velveteen dress can be worn for extra special occasions. The

V-neckline and corseted middle are the sensation of the day.

Shoes of suede, bucko, alligator and calf are in the forefront. No girl is looked down upon these days if she wears low or cuban heels. Suede shoes can always be made to look new by using a piece of ordinary sandpaper to bring up the nap. There's no way to keep a suede purse looking new forever, but you might try buying one with a handle to save the wear and tear on the rest of the bag. Alligator bags are very smart and will last a long time. They mellow with age.

A felt or soleil velour hat is always smart. Crowns are high and low, according to your taste. For everyday wear, the calots in suede or felt come in most handy besides being very inexpensive.

Stockings, woman's most expensive item, should be bought two or more pairs at a time. You match up the odd stockings after you get rips in the others. Very sheer stockings are not durable, no matter how much they cost. The lower the thread number, the thinner the stocking.

Not matter how well dressed you may be, there's always yourself that can spoil an otherwise good appearance. Face, hands, posture, personal daintiness should not be neglected. Always see that your clothes are well brushed, that your shoes aren't worn down at the heels. Use your favorite deodorant but make sure it doesn't stop the perspiration.

In using cold creams don't put too much faith in advertiser's copy. Soap and water serve the purpose as well. If your skin is dry, use Lanolin which isn't harmful. It is an excellent lubricant and can be bought cheaper than cold cream. Creams cannot nourish the skin. The skin is nourished by the blood stream which is in turn fed by the stomach. So watch your diet. The best buys in cold cream are Belle Fleur, 25c a jar; Hollywood Extra Theatrical, 20c a jar.

Toothpowder is cheaper than paste. Some dental authorities believe we could quite safely dispose with dentifrices altogether, using only a brush to clean our teeth. It is the brush, not the paste or powder one puts on it, which is of chief importance.

If you are always conscious of your personality and select your clothes in good taste, the eternal cry of the female, "I haven't a thing to wear," will be considerably weakened.



John Groth

Dear Dorothy Dix

HALF a century ago William Randolph Hearst came out of the West. His intentions were strictly dishonorable. He was on a hunt for talent to attract the Great American Reading Public. Armed with powerful bait, a big, fat check-book, he ran across a gal by the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer.

Mrs. Gilmer was a small time, small town newspaper woman—commonly known as a “sob sister.” She was covering all the local weddings, funerals and parades. But more than that, she was a gal with an idea and it clicked. She was immediately hired and began her long career as Miss Dorothy Dix, that super-being who sees all, knows all, and tells all.

A good many people proved to be “fall guys” for this human interest stuff. Miss Dix, that grand-old-lady-of-the-heart, receives millions of letters each year from people all over the world. Her column is syndicated and has 60,000,000 daily readers.

It didn't take other newspapers and syndicates long to find out that it would be very profitable to imitate Mr. Hearst. These newspapers set up their own Dorothy Dixes to answer the cries of a lovelorn nation. They found it good business to distort and sentimentalize for Mr. and Mrs. American Public. They built a huge circulation and a fabulous advertising income by cheap and sensational journalism—then they were free to falsify the news.

All over the world, young men and women are writing frantic letters to these Heart-Throb dames, who are paid no less than \$50.00 a week. The most personal problems of the Peaches and the Young Men in Distress are reprinted by these humanitarians in columns devoted to



Advice to the Lovelorn, with very obvious and inadequate answers.

Who are these wise-guys who take on all comers and who know all the correct answers? Dorothy Dix is well over 65 years of age. She is leading a most comfortable, sheltered and secluded life in sunny New Orleans, after having weathered the love storms of the Floradora Sextette and the 20th century models of Broken Hearts.

At one time I worked for one of the largest feature organizations controlled by William Randolph Hearst. My job was writing for a syndicated page known as the Woman's Page. I am certainly no expert on Affairs of the Heart, but there I was—pinch hitting for the official Heart Balmer, and handing out the old oil of “If he is lying to you, forget him,” or, “If you enjoy going out with other girls, by all means do so.”

This pinch hitting is not unusual. Recently Miss Sidney Fox, well-known actress of stage and screen, told about her experiences before climbing into the limelight. She told of handling a Love Editor's column on a newspaper, whilst that lady took a summer vacation.

And what about these young men and women who are scribbling notes to their local Dorothy Dixes? The answers they cry out for are certainly not the ones offered by the big hearted, public spirited newspapers. Each mail brings tragedy, comedy, and endless drab tales from people looking for help, people like you and me, who have no place to turn, no one to speak to about their troubles.

Youth has its problems, personal heart-aches and all. It needs help to learn how to solve these problems, how

to face them calmly and sanely. There is something wrong somewhere if the youth of America cannot solve its own problems or cannot find sincere, scientific guidance. And there is certainly something “rotten in Denmark” when youth grows up to apply for membership in a “Lonely Hearts Club,” or publicly air its most personal affairs.

American youth has begun to stand on its own two feet and demand cold facts, instead of lavender and violets. They realize that the Dorothy Dixes are no substitute for real and genuine knowledge, and scientific guidance. Youth has begun to resent commercialization of sports, ideals, and aspirations. Youth is asking for free colleges, recreation centers, job security, and opportunity.

And in the struggle to get these things together, youth will step into a more happy and realistic life. It will refuse to be taken in by these so-called humanitarians, who use the natural sex and love instincts to build big fortunes. When youth is finally ready, it will say:

Dear Dorothy Dix:

Thank you for your past favors. Thank you for the code of ethics you have tried to give us. We no longer need your services, because we now have a code of our own.

We want educational and recreational centers! We want economic security. We want authentic advice based on fact. AND WE SAY:

If you can help us get these things, O. K. If not, then the heck with you.

We have learned that no personal problem is solved unless you solve it for yourself and with yourself. And we hereby stand together to face our collective problems,—and oh, Dorothy, they are bigger than you would ever let us see before!

LILLIAN DANGLER



Dots and Dashes



IT happened the other night—we saw it happen. One of our local hams, who has just had some pretty tough luck with DX, sat down at the receiver in one of our local boy's shacks. Suddenly, he called for quiet—KHK in Honolulu was calling CQ. Wildly excited, he closed the transmitter switch, gave KHK a long three times three call.

Needless to say, the station signing KHK came back, and a lengthy *qso* was had—KHK even giving him a *msg* for a near-by town. When the *qso* was just about completed and both were ready to *git*, the operator at the key noticed that mine host was beating out code on an open-knife switch. It seems that mine host, relying on body capacity to ground effect was using his finger against the switch blade to simulate code and was producing an audible buzz in the earphones that sounded like the McCoy and was signing KHK. Mine host leaves a family of three. Please do not send flowers.

The RCA-Victor Company advises that code practice records for self instruction in receiving code are still available. The complete set, six ten-inch, double-face records, an instruction booklet, and container can be gotten from any Victor dealer.

An example of the fine work done by the ham fraternity. The following message was sent on July 14th, 1931:

"Mr. J. R. Williams,
874 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.
Dear Joe:

Best wishes and good luck to you, on this, your birthday. Letter follows.

Your sister, Jeannette"

After circling the globe eleven times, the same message arrived now, however, reading like this:

"Mr. F. H. Willyamin
754—8th Avenue,
New York City
Dear Joe:

Merry Xmas and good luck to you. Lariat follows.

Your sister, Jane."

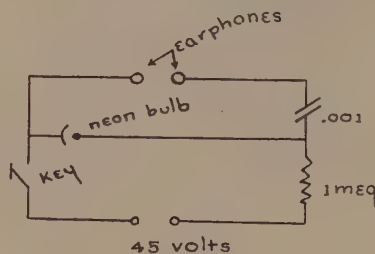
The latest fad is radio poker. The only element the game lacks is the ability of the players to read each other's poker faces.

Here at last is a practical, basic reason for the final development of universal television.

Several of our readers, who are anxious to break into radio, have asked us to print and explain the various symbols commonly used today in circuit diagrams. If you are interested in having these printed, kindly drop us a card and let us know. Clubs and branches interested in forming radio units are cordially invited to send in for any help or information they may need. Such queries will receive immediate attention.

The following card was received in the mail this morning. The Bachelors' Radio Club regrettably announces the passing of one of its charter members, W-. He was married July-, 1937. *Chalk up one more for the yls.*

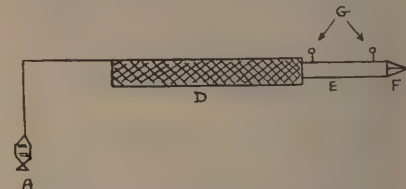
Portable transmitter and receiver voltages are supplied by a new vibrator type power pack which delivers 200 volts at 100 mils, or 300 volts at 100 mils. The unit is comparatively inexpensive, quite light, long lived, and works from a car battery, too. More elaborate details may be had upon request. A good many of the fellows are interested in a cheap, efficient code practice set. Here is one that costs less than a dollar to make.



The tone of the above may be changed by varying the size of the fixed condenser in the circuit. The simple diagram is self-explanatory.

The new sets this year, seen at a recent showing, are tremendously improved below the 200 meter area. Many of the new sets go down as far as 30,000 k.c., and utilize the magic eye for tuning down to that frequency. Other features of general interest receiving wide advertisement are push button control, automatic frequency control, noise suppression, automatic power supply regulation and improved phonograph reception. 1938 should prove a banner year for radio, not only from the sales viewpoint, but also for those buying.

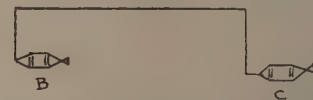
The occasion has arisen here frequently to make a soldered connection where no power lines were around to supply current for an electric soldering iron. Here is a gadget that has proven its worth on outside jobs many times.



Get a hard drill from the five and dime. Strip it of the chule and drive. Tap the two holes in the barrel and put a piece of ignition wire through it, fastening it tightly under one of the set screws. Push the carbon from an old flashlight battery into the front end, where it will fit snugly and tighten the other set screw and the iron is finished.

When using it in a car, the object to be soldered is grounded to any part of the frame of the car. The battery clip is attached to the hot side of the battery such as the ammeter post, horn connection, etc. Apply and use.

When using a boat, a separate length of wire with two battery clips is neces-



sary. Attach the clip on either end of the wire to the other. Now take the remaining clip and attach it to the object to be soldered. When the carbon is now touched to this object, terrific heat will be developed. A clean connection can now be made that is as good as a welded joint. Keep sharpening the carbon like the point of a pencil at the point of contact where it carbonizes. On dozens of occasions, this little gadget has proven its worth and its right to occupy an honorable place in your tool kit.

A, B, C—Battery clips
D—Handle of five and dime drill
E—Barrel of same drill
F—Carbon from old flashlight battery
G—Tap holes in barrel and insert set screw

Why not send your criticisms, questions and suggestions in as they occur to you. Letters should be addressed to the *Sky Rider*, c/o THE CHAMPION, 80 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

It seems to me,
The time has cum,
To say so long,
And go on hum.
So 73's, cul skiddle
de dah de dah.

GLOSSARY

de—your; *msg*—message; *de*—from; *yls*—young lady; *qso*—a conversation between two hams; *cul*—see you later; *ham*—operator licensed to transmit on short wave frequencies by government; *git*—stop sending; *73's*—best regards.

SKY RIDER

Abraham Lincoln Lives Again

by Lewis Allan



The armies of progress are marching, at the fascists they are hurled. A
government of the people shall not perish from the world.

Abraham Lincoln walks again, Abraham Lincoln marches,
Abraham Lincoln lives again, up tall he stands and his great big hands hold a
gun, No pas- ran! Abraham Lincoln walks again,
Abraham Lincoln marches, Abraham Lincoln lives again for
liberty, and de- mocracy, human rights, for these he fights. In the
midst of the battle you will find him, and his fist breaks the fascist chain, with the
Lincoln Battalion be- hind him, he fights for the freedom of Spain.

Abraham Lincoln walks again, Abraham Lincoln marches,
Abraham Lincoln lives again, his voice speaks out to the echoing shout "We shall
pass! Yes, we shall Pass!"

davis..

Johnny Gets a Curve

(Continued from page 7)

his own room in front of the mirror, Johnny called himself everything under the sun. His mother flung open the door. "God help me, if the child hasn't gone crazy. Wait till Dad comes home."

The next game was a nip and tuck battle in which the other side's faint hitting and fainter yelling could do little with a toughened Johnny. The Pelicans were leading by two runs, but Donk wanted to make double sure of winning, wanted to put the game on ice. He got the team in a huddle and ordered everybody to follow him riding and jockeying the pitcher.

The pitcher dropped the ball, leaped on Donk, wrapping his legs around him. Both boys rolled in the dust, pummeling each other. The boy couldn't finish pitching. His hands shook. He sat in his dug-out blubbering. The Pelicans ran up their score at the expense of the substitute and swamped the bullfrog team.

After the game Donk said, "Didn't I tell you? See what happens to a guy without no battleship jaw?"

"Couldn't we won without that?" faltered Johnny. "He—we was leading."

Donk poked a finger into Johnny's ribs. "Was we? And why was you clammed up when everybody was riding him like I give orders?"

Lefty whose wing of hair fell over his eyes so you couldn't tell what he was after said, "A pitcher's job is pitching."

"All right," snapped Donk. "You're benched. Indefinitely."

Lefty took a step forward, hurled his glove down. He walked off and sat down at the end of the bench.

Johnny rubbed his fist into his glove until his skin burned like fire. He didn't dare look at Lefty.

The full responsibility of pitching the Pelicans now fell on Johnny's arm. He accepted it, and became the hardest-working pitcher in town. Batters began to dread the battleship jaw, the baseball cap yanked down over an ear, the spit whipping out of the tight-mouthed stocky country boy. Towards the end of the season only one team had him on the run. He had returned the day before from the farm where he had helped his grandfather thresh, and his rump was full of poison ivy. Lefty had to relieve him, shutting out the enemy the rest of the game. Johnny was glad he had the poison because it gave Lefty a chance to come back. He was glad because his arm was beginning to tire, splinters seemed jabbed in it.

The Pelicans ended their season, the champions of the sandlot teams, \$30 in the treasury. Lefty at a big meeting said the team should buy uniforms immediately. Donk was against that. Let the club celebrate with a stag party.

They could get uniforms next spring.

The yelling team drove in a truck to a farm which the Wilson company had gotten from an old farmer. As training was over, the boys had frankfurters, cake, candy, cigarettes, and a bottle of "cologne" for the girl who had played the queen opposite Donk in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. By accident Donk picked her up on the edge of town, and he spent most of the day in the diamond willows with the girl with the short dress and the earrings big enough for a red bird's perch. Hippo hogged the grub and made up for training. Lefty and Johnny lay on the bank of the river talking baseball, telling stories of the great Indian athletes who were trained as boys to walk barefooted on snow and track mice to get at the wild lima beans the little buggers stored. Catfish leaped in the



river. A crane flew stiff-legged overhead. They roused to hear the rest of the team singing for home in the truck, with the sun falling like a runner over the last tape of the horizon.

Some boys were sick after the stag party. It leaked out about the girl. Donk said Lefty had snitched. Lefty flung back his wing of hair and hit Donk in the jaw. He was fined. When he refused to pay his fine, he was expelled from the club.

Lefty was sullen, smelled horsey, had long black fingernails like he'd been scratching manure. But Lefty had crossfire and a fast ball, and he could last all day pitching. And Johnny knew that Lefty was a far better pitcher than Donk ever had given him credit for, that he wasn't jealous of anybody in the world but Donk whom he hated.

Johnny had to listen to Lefty's bitter talk. "That skunk is monopolizin' everything. Yeh, who started the team? I did. Then he took it over. Ask anybody. It was like Jimmy Hann's idea to sell newspapers and magazines. Donk heard about it. He dished out Jimmy because his old man's lousy with money. A hell of a manager he is pitchin' the heart

out of a yearling and benchin' a veteran. He's knockin' your arm out. He's gonna ruin you. You gotta quit the Pelicans."

Lefty wanted him to join a team which he was building up with Negro boys, Mexicans, Jews, and some Irish kids in the bullfrog section. But they had no baseball equipment. No clubhouse. Nothing at all.

Johnny talked it over with his father. Muller was greasing an old car, the sweat blistering his face. He grunted, "Old timer, you make up your own mind. Then stick to it."

When Johnny stammered his decision, Lefty cried, "You're yellow."

Johnny felt miserable. He didn't understand why there should be fighting, why Lefty quit being friends. Why should things like that, his mother's nagging, his father's worries about the gas station interfere? Why couldn't a fellow play baseball and the world let him alone?

He worked hard in school, every afternoon hurried to the gas station to give a hand there. He came home to reassure his mother. "Wait till spring comes. I'm the only pitcher on the team. The scouts of the big leagues is looking for new material. I can get a scholarship. I got a money arm. You just wait."

His mother clasped him convulsively, and then as quickly shoved him away. "You talk like a child. Go do your homework."

All winter Johnny improved his pitching, firing his ball at the little scarecrow stuck up in the garden. He was the first Pelican ready for spring practice. His curve was even better than last year. The boys broke their backs over it. But after a half hour pitching, the arm tired and burned as if in a sleeve of fire.

Johnny wasn't worried because even the best pitchers have stiff arms. In spite of the pain, he worked hard to get into shape for the season's first game with Lefty's Highpockets Indians. Lefty's players were all offcasts, skinny kids. He'd find them easy as pie.

The first part of the game the twirlers moved along on even terms, mowing down the batters. Though the Pelicans yelled their heads off at him, Lefty had dandy control over his crossfire and speedball. He thumbed his nose at Donk and fanned him with three fast balls.

In the fourth inning, Johnny's curve suddenly stopped breaking. His arm hurt as if it were being torn out of the socket. He tried his battleship jaw, glared till he saw double and the sweat popped out over his face. The game ended in a massacre, the Indians winning, 25 to 5.

The team held a hurried council of war in the lumberyard. Johnny stripped, the

boys went over him. They rubbed his arm with liniment until he howled. They gave him a strong physic. Donk examined his teeth and found one shot to pieces. He rigged up a pulley device with strong thread. While Hippo and the rest of the team squatted on their pitcher, the shot tooth was yanked out.

A week later Johnny had his chance against the Royal Bengal Tigers. Last fall Johnny had shut out the Tigers on their own lot, their own man umpiring. This time they shelled him off the mound in the first inning. Donk had to go pitch. He sat on the bench with tears in his eyes.

The Pelicans were at their wits' end. Pussy suggested a change of delivery. Hippo said that chew tobacco which juices up a fellow like a grasshopper would give Johnny a spitball and help his arm. Donk ordered batting practice to strengthen his muscles, got him "cow-tailing" with a bat shipped from Louisville, Kentucky. Johnny himself read up about "Three-Finger" Brown and wondered whether chopping off a finger or two wouldn't take the strain off a man's pitching arm.

When nothing helped, Donk decided that the whole team couldn't go to smash because of one player. He went into pitching himself. At least the Pelicans would win once in a while now. Johnny could be on the retired list.

Johnny felt so disgraced that he no longer showed up at the sandlot. He hid in the cow weeds and watched the team at work. He circled around the lumberyard and listened behind the fence to the club discuss its games. When the mascot asked him why he didn't come around, he mumbled he wasn't feeling good.

Soon the whole school knew that he had lost his curve. He dreaded facing the kids. He sat glumly in the classroom, slumped in his seat, eyes nailed on the picture over the blackboard of the earth spinning around the sun. What a curve! What a curve the earth hurled around the sun and never tired. The teacher called on him again. The class laughed as he stammered, couldn't answer the question, all flushed and sweaty like a dropped calf.

He stayed in his room. He pulled at his forelock, hitched up his pants, stuck out his battleship jaw. "All right, Donk," he pleaded. You dig your cleated shoe into the mound, check the signal by pulling at the peak of your cap. You tighten your grip on the ball and blaze it at the batter. The ball cuts the corner of the plate beautifully. "Strike." The great crowd cheers. The infielders begin talking it up. Hippo runs over and bangs you on the back. Donk squats, shoving out a finger at you. You wait coolly for the signal. The ball roars out of your hand like a comet. "Batter out." You set man after man on his ear. You hurl

a no-run, no-hit game. The whole town talks about you. The papers print your picture. A big league scout phones the gas station from the hotel and—

The door opened. Muller came in with the school report.

Johnny hung his head.

"Well, old timer."

He gulped. "I—I lost the curve, Dad."

Muller nodded. "I knew something was the matter. Mother's just up in the air, says you're so wild, about the best thing is shipping you back to the farm."

"I tried everything." His face puckered. "Tricks, deception—"

"Deception ain't in us, old timer. No-sir. If it was, maybe I'd be making out with the station. You can do better. Shake off the blues like a good pitcher. Rest the old soupbone. Great pitchers ain't made overnight."

Johnny thought it over, saw there was nothing left but patience and rest for his arm. He must take his time, grow up among the boys in town, grow like the ash tree growing in the masses as the baseball book said, shooting straight up towards the sky with the clear straight grain giving strength and driving power. He must cut out being chunky. That is why he tired. He must be lanky like Lefty, like the Silver Fox, like Christy Mathewson.

He felt comforted after the talk with his father. He didn't drive his flipper. It seemed to be getting stronger. He tried to forget by burying himself in his studies, and he brought home real good marks the last day of school.

Muller looked over the marks at supper with a grin of approval. He cleared his throat. "Old timer, we got bad news. We held it back all winter hoping we could make a go of it. Old timer, old sport, we got to go back to the farm."

Johnny gripped his fork.

"We'll give you baseball on the farm. We'll build up a real sodbuster's baseball nine for you."

Johnny dropped his fork. "I ain't going back to no farm!"

Muller, a lean stooped man growing leaner every day, took the boy by the shoulders. "Listen, old sport. Grandfather's been here, talked it over."

All winter the old folks had been coming from the farm, sitting up late, their shadows like lampblack on the wall, his grandfather bellyaching the whole world was going capot.

Johnny screamed, "Let him keep his two cents out."

His mother turned at him, horrified.



"Mother, let me handle this. Now Johnny, there's three of us, and it ain't a go for any one. Mother ain't took to town, says we're duty bound to help grandpop. The filling station ain't panicked out. You lost your curve."

He tore out of his father's arms. "I ain't going. Next year I'll pitch. I ain't going." His wild hand hit the table.

"You are going," yelled his mother, "and you are going to behave. You was just like a bottle lamb on the farm, got yourself a stone and played all day. Now you're a real terror. If your dad won't do it, I'll make you behave."

"Now, now," said Muller soothingly. "We're not going to touch him. He'll understand in time."

"Understand! You ain't acted like a father since we moved here."

"Helen—"

"You ain't. Talk, talk, talk. That's all you're good for."

Muller flushed, rose, turned away from the boy's piteous look, and walked out of the house.

Johnny crept to his room. He wouldn't go back to the farm for anything in the world. The grasshoppers, his grandfather with his asthma going like an exhaust always driving you, and for miles around not a boy, not a single boy you could pitch to.

He hurried to his picture gallery. He stared pleadingly at the great pitchers. But all these men, who had won a thousand battles and mastered the mightiest batters of all time, could not help him.

Johnny bolted out of the room. He dashed through the garden down the back street, kept running until his lungs felt as if they would burst. He cut across the deserted playing field to the edge of town. He dropped down beside the railroad tracks.

Facing him, the prairie, the same old wind blowing over it which always cracked the flagpole like a whip over the old country schoolhouse. Johnny dug his foot into the cinders for a toehold, shoved out a battleship jaw, waited hour after hour for the Great Northwestern to roll by on which he had seen men hook rides.

The Great Northwestern did not come. Night swallowed like bullsnake everything before it. Voices, and then a flash-light flying over him like a ball. They had him before he could jump away, his father and Dick Thompson who used to help at the gas station. They carried him, panting and wrestling, to the car.

When they got back to the street, he could hear the wailing of his little sisters. His mother shuffled out. She crushed him to her, her tears mingling with his. And then mauling and clouting him, she half pushed and half carried Johnny into the kitchen full of bundles and furniture ready for moving back to the farm.

A New Day for Old China

(Continued from page 18)

appears to be foundering on the unforeseen reef of fierce Chinese resistance to attack.

America has a special interest in the China-Japan conflict. On July 16, the New Deal spokesman in world affairs, Secretary of State Hull, rightly warned the leading powers that a conflict at any point on the globe threatens the peace and welfare of all nations, no matter how distant. He issued a statement of policy in which this country repeated its belief in the faithful observance of international agreements and "international self-restraint." But he *didn't* breathe a word about what was happening in Spain or China. And he made no mention of the Nine Power Treaty and the Kellogg Peace Pact. More recently in his address under the auspices of the National Peace Conference, he stated that the United States has "a great opportunity to be a leader in the effort to make effective the conditions for peace." On August 23, Secretary Hull issued a statement in which he *did* mention the Kellogg Pact and the Nine Power Treaty, but he still said nothing about concrete action for making these treaties effective.

The Kellogg Peace Pact of 1928 outlawed war "for the solution of international controversies" and defines the aggressor. The Nine Power Treaty of the Washington Conference of 1921-22 guarantees China's territorial integrity and national independence as well as equal opportunity for all nations for trade and investment in China. Japan signed both of these treaties. Japan has violated both. China has appealed to

the League of Nations to invoke Article XVII of its statutes, to declare Japan the aggressor, and to take steps to enforce collective action against the aggressor. This is the only way to ward off the fascist attack against world peace. The rape of Ethiopia, Spain, and China prove that the fascist gangsters become emboldened by inaction. Tactful isolation is the surest way of bringing about a world war. And when there is a world war, we'll be right in the middle of it as surely as we were in 1917.

The sentiments expressed by Secretary Hull are excellent ones. Moral opposition to fascist aggression is important. But moral opposition is not enough. The Administration must supplement its moral opposition with a policy of collective action for peace together with France, England, the Soviet Union, China and other democratic nations. The United States must take the lead in urging such collective action, based upon the Kellogg Pact and the Nine Power Treaty. *Only such collective action for peace will prevent the outbreak of a new world war.*

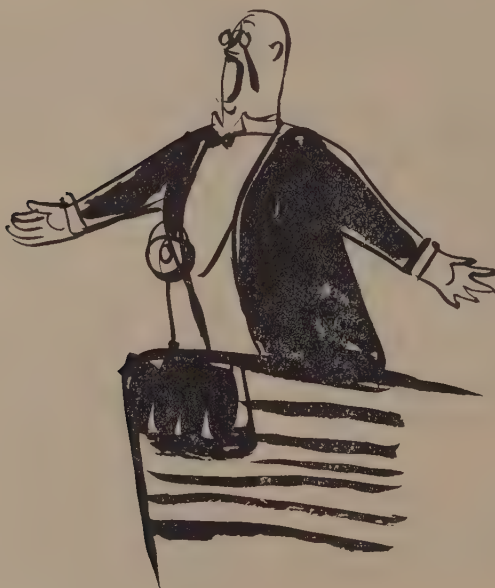
Our "neutrality" policy in the Far East should alarm every American genuinely interested in keeping America out of war. Unless corrected, it will involve us in the very war we wish so earnestly to avoid. This policy prohibits the carrying of war materials from the United States to China and Japan except in their own boats. This sounds very neutral, but if we stop to examine this "neutrality" we find the following interesting facts. China has no boats to speak of. Japan has a large merchant marine.

China has no stored up supplies at home. Japan has been arming for years. "Neutrality" of the kind Secretary Hull proposes is the same brand of "neutrality" that our government is practicing towards Spain; a "neutrality" that makes no distinction between the aggressor and the victim, the robber and the robbed. This kind of "neutrality" would actually assist Japan in its bloody invasion of China, even if it is practiced on a "24 hour basis", and it would help to plunge us into a world war by encouraging the fascist dictators in their attacks against peaceful nations.

There are two reasons why a strong protest from the American people to the Administration will have a practical effect in changing our "neutrality" policy with regard to China. In the first place, our own economic interests are at stake in the present conflict. A free and democratic China will mean opportunities for trade and the investment of American capital. A conquered China, under the thumb of Japan's dictatorship, will mean a closed door to us. In this instance at least, our business interests coincide with China's very existence as an independent nation.

Secondly, there has always been a strong bond between the American and Chinese people through the work of American missionaries. Missionary work in China is part of the very tradition of both China and the United States. The missionaries who have lived and worked in China understand the real significance of Japan's penetration into China. They know what a conquered China would mean to them and to their work as well as to the Chinese people.

A free and independent China is to the best interests of the United States. A conquered China will encourage the gangster dictators to further violence and therefore bring world war closer. And if there is a world war, we will be part of it. There is no way of keeping out of war except by preventing world war. If the youth of the United States, who would have to shoulder arms in any new world war, are to look forward to peaceful and not to war-torn lives, they must help to put pressure upon the Administration through their clubs, peace societies, and trade unions. They should demand a revision of our false "neutrality" laws. They should demand that the admirable sentiments of Secretary Hull be translated into practical action. They should insist in the interest of world peace that the United States government take the initiative in urging collective action among nations as the only real guarantee of defense against the fascist drive towards another world conflict.



John Groth

Kid Experience

(Continued from page 8)

dough for a few minutes, and then he said, "Okay! Palsy, I may regret this, but so much money I can't refuse."

This kid Perry was the goods. I had him down the gym every day and baby, could he wallop! Either hand contained T.N.T. and he was fast on his puppies. I had an oldtimer teaching him something about the finer points of boxing, and I figured that in about a month or two, he would be ready for a few soft fights and a build-up. The only thing I didn't like was that the kid had brains. Brains in a pug is very bad. I like a good dumb slugger who can't count very well. As you can see, the outlook was very pleasant till yesterday.

I was sitting in the gym office thinking of the dough I would get when Joe became champ and also figuring which of the Broadway mob I would have to cut in before I got the big matches, when Joe comes in and says: "I won't be able to come down tomorrow."

"No, why not?"

"I'm going to picket."

"You're going to what?"

"Picket. You know, march back and forth with a sign on. You see, I'm a metal worker, and our union is on strike for a living wage, and I'm going to picket. Haven't you ever picketed?"

"No. You mean that you're just going to walk around with a sign on?"

"That's it. And keep out scabs too, of course."

I couldn't see anything wrong in that, if you like that sort of thing; personally, I never tried it. I told him to go ahead.

The next day I got to wondering where my future champ was and what he was doing. After all, champs don't grow on trees and maybe I ought to keep an eye on the kid. Just to ease my mind, I took a cab and went over to the joint. It was a factory way downtown, and there was quite a crowd in front of the place. About thirty guys, including Joe, and a few janies is walking up and down carrying signs with STRIKE on them in big letters. I don't mind that, but there is about twenty rough looking gorillas

hanging around, and that didn't smell so good. I didn't want my champ black-jacked by some five buck a day slug, although there was a few cops around. Still it looked bad. Somebody next to me says, "The dirty rats, they're trying to run scabs in." Right away, I make for Joe because while everybody knows that a scab is a rat, he is also a worker. But these cheap slug-uglies looked as though the only work they had ever done was with a lead pipe. I get next to Joe and reach up and tap him on the shoulder and say, "Hey kid, blow. It looks like trouble is about to slap us on the shoulder." But Joe just shakes his head and keeps on walking, and I get in line in back of him, right in front of a cute broad, and I say, "Listen, Joe, don't be a sap. Fight only when you get paid for it. You might break a knuckle on some of these marble heads." Before Joe can answer, a couple of the apes make a rush for the picket line, and I get a wallop on the jaw and go out.

When I come to, there is a small riot going on. The cops and the thugs had formed a united front against the strikers and was smacking them around with their clubs, while the strikers were fighting back with their fists and doing all right. I see my Joe swinging away in the midst of the crowd, and I get very worried. Also I am very mad. There is nothing that irritates me more than to get slapped on the kisser. There is a copper standing near me and waiting to get into the scrap, and I go up to him and say, "You bulls are hitting the wrong guys. This is plainly a case of self-defense. We were, I mean they were, peacefully picketing and these dirty—er—thugs attacked them. Kindly stop this affair and arrest the thugs. I'll swear out a warrant."

The bull says, "Oh, a Red, hey?" and makes a pass at me with his stick. I am now very, very angry. I mean I'm a good law abiding citizen, voting a straight ticket every year, dodging the income tax like all the big shots, and even when I was younger, I never sold

my vote for less than five bucks, and here this flatfoot, this public servant, was giving me a pushing around. I ducked out of reach of his night stick and with great presence of mind, I picked up a small crate that was lying in the gutter and crowned the cop with it. Then I made for Joe. I may not be so much with my dukes, but with a chair or a sawed off pool cue in my hands, I can work wonders. I started what was left of the crate going, and in no time I had knocked three of the thugs for a loop and was right beside Joe, who was neatly polishing off a guy. I had to stop for a moment and admire the ease and grace with which he clipped the ape along the side of the jaw, and how ungracefully the thug hit the sidewalk. But a crack on the head reminded me where I was, and I started laying to with my box, but not before I had shouted to Joe to hit them in the stomach, merely as a precaution to protect his hands. Also a good sock in the middle makes you think twice about getting up and fighting again.

In a few minutes, it was all over and those of the thugs that could still walk, were doing it and fast, too. I got to admit that I was feeling great. It does something to you when you lay out a guy, especially, a scab or a thug-ugly. There's nothing like bowling over a few scabs to give you that healthy morning appetite. Joe and some of the other guys came around and gave me quite a patting on the back, and as I said, I was feeling like a hero and plenty gay when I suddenly see that so-and-so Danny Kane across the street. Right away I get a cold feeling at the pit of my bread basket. I know that he'll spread the word around and I'll be ruined on the stem. The boys will think that I got soft in the head. Who ever heard of a fight manager fighting?

I feel low, but there is one little gleam of light; if the managers and the boys won't talk to me, well—I'll picket them right and left!



With Our Eyes Wide Open

(Continued from page 10)

Strasser and Gompers not only worked out for their union a peculiar form of organization but they also furnished a peculiar philosophy for it. And that philosophy was Craft Unionism.

However, as early as 1917, William Green, who at that time voiced the sentiment of the entire membership of the American Federation of Labor, wrote the following article on industrial organization which appeared in the *American Labor Year Book* for 1917-18.

"An industrial form of organization is the organization of all men employed in an industry into one compact union. Craft unionism means the organization of men employed in their respective crafts, resulting in numerous organizations within a particular industry.

"The organization of men by industry rather than by crafts brings about a more perfect organization, closer cooperation, and tends to develop the highest form of organization. The causes of jurisdictional disputes are considerably decreased and in many industries can be eliminated altogether. The constant friction resulting among craft organizations in their contention for jurisdiction causes the labor movement more trouble and greater inconvenience than any other problem with which it has to deal. When men are organized by industry they can concentrate their economic power more advantageously than when organized into craft unions.

"The results of such concentration of economic strength are the promotion of their common welfare and the advancement of their common interests. The United Mine Workers of America is an industrial organization. All men employed in and around the coal mines, regardless of their skill or calling, belong to the United Mine Workers of America. In negotiating a wage scale between the coal operators and coal miners, a schedule of wages is arranged governing all classes of labor, skilled and unskilled, employed in and around the coal mines. By this process the interest of the unskilled worker is given as much attention as that of the skilled worker. It is indeed, in the fullest sense, a policy of all for each and each for all. A settlement of the wage scale is not finally reached until the schedules applying to all classes of labor employed in and around the mines are agreed to.

"The advantage of such a form of organization is so obvious that one can scarcely conceive of any opposition thereto. A form of organization that protects the interests of the unskilled worker is the form of organization most desirable. Much complaint has been directed against craft organizations because little regard has been given to the problems of the unskilled workers. It is becoming more and more evident that if unskilled workers are forced to work long hours and for low wages, the interests and welfare of the skilled worker are constantly menaced thereby.

"In the development of industry and organization the tendency is toward concentration and perfection. This applies to the organization of labor as well as to the organization of industry and capital. Hence the reason why organized labor is gradually passing from craft organization to the more effective industrial

forms of organization. It may be well-nigh impossible to eliminate the craft form of organization in certain lines of industry. However, it is quite possible to establish industrial forms of organization in the railroad industry, the printing industry, and in other industries where groups of organizations are formed into councils and federated bodies.

"Summing up the situation, some of the advantages resulting from an industrial form of organization are the reduction of opportunities or causes for jurisdictional disputes, the concentration of economic strength, the blending into harmonious cooperation of all men employed in industry, and the advancement and protection of the interests of the unskilled laborer in the same proportion as that of the skilled worker."

The masses of the American Federation of Labor still gravitate toward industrial organization. What is the reason for William Green's present antipathy toward industrial organization? Why does he no longer voice the sentiment of the body of the American Federation of Labor?

American youth is looking forward to the 1937 Convention of the American Federation of Labor which opens at Denver in October. The A. F. of L. wants unity, the C. I. O. wants unity and American Youth wants unity . . . and, hear me talking to you . . . we're going to get it.

DIRECT CURRENT

(Continued from page 9)

trodition to it was being thrown off a meeting platform because I advocated an industrial charter for our Philco union! My father, I learned recently, was an A. F. of L. organizer a long time ago under Samuel Gompers, and in my home town of Glassboro, we had unions as far back as 1859 when four workers were arrested for going on strike, charged with "conspiracy" to raise wages. The A. F. of L. has done a good deal for American labor and the American people generally in its half century of operation but certainly its craft union methods of organization blocked us instead of helping us go forward when we tried to organize the radio workers.



Gregor Duncan

We would set out, get temporary union groups established, have them elect their officers and prepare demands for collective bargaining. Meanwhile, we waited in vain for action on our charter application, forced to sit by helpless and watch the union groups fold up while the companies discriminated against the elected officers. In more cases than not, the A. F. of L. leaders would finally decide not to grant a charter because it might interfere with the possible jurisdiction of any one of some thirty seven craft internationals. Time and again we appealed to the A. F. of L. executive council for a charter along industrial lines for the National Radio and Allied Trades, only to be turned down. We've always felt that ours was a classic example of unorganized workers prevented from organizing because of outmoded tactics, and that our case helped influence John L. Lewis and the others on their course in setting up the C. I. O.

Finally, we decided that rather than stay in the A. F. of L. and watch our union groups go to pieces, we would form our independent national union on industrial lines. This we did in March, 1936, in Buffalo, setting up the United Electrical and Radio Workers of America. A few months later, we affiliated with the C. I. O. Since that time, we've gone steadily forward towards our goal of organizing all the 300,000 workers in the industry. We've carried on negotiations with large corporations like G. E. and Westinghouse and R. C. A. and with small companies in Brooklyn or Providence, Rhode Island, or Fort Wayne, Indiana, or on the West Coast—in other words, the whole industry, big and little, all over the country. And we don't intend to stop until every part of that industry is a closed shop, until every employee enjoys the full advantages of union wages, union hours and union working conditions throughout all of America.

TACKLING THE SEASON

(Continued from page 15)

boiling. The Pacific Coast situation is a gnarled tangle. You can unravel the knot in which California, Washington, U.S.C., and Stanford are now tied by flipping a coin, and the result will be just as scientific as by any other method.

That is a more hasty than panoramic glance at the football set-up for 1937. The brass bands have already begun to blare, and much of what has been said will be contradicted as the boys perform for alma mater and the several hundred thousands of people who pay to watch their antics. Football may be rah-rah stuff to the fans, but it's a chance for a college education to many youngsters throughout the nation who would not otherwise have been able to leave the farm, the mine, the mill, or the factory.

They Came From "Dead End"

(Continued from page 21)

Billy Halop, the redoubtable "Tommy", is from Astoria, Long Island, and has also built up a considerable reputation for himself, this time mainly on the radio. Billy was the star and title player of the Bobby Benson series over the Columbia Network. Despite this experience, he had never even seen a Broadway show before playing in *Dead End*. Martin Gabriel, Kingsley's casting assistant, knew Billy and suggested him for the part of the boys' ringleader. Billy is and has been studying under a private tutor.

The six ragamuffins collectively and individually have turned in a grand job. We see that life in turn has brightened and widened its horizons for them. Let us remember, however, the lesson they bring. Let us remember the other ragamuffins, the thousands and thousands of real ragamuffins who are still stuck in the mire of the slums from which four of these six have escaped.

MOVIE BRIEFS

ANGEL—Smart, sophisticated, not-so-exciting drama. Marlene Dietrich as glamorous as ever. Eddie Horton as funny. Intriguing entertainment if you go for intrigues.

STAGE DOOR—A new Door, Hollywood-fashioned and exciting in spots. The made over story gives Hepburn a chance to emote for your tears and Ginger Rogers an opportunity to dance and wisecrack. Both are aces in their specialties.

MUSIC FOR MADAME—A musical without Busby Berkely! Nino Martini thrills with "Ridi Pagliacci" and other selections. Smart Hollywood self-satire aided

by the inimitable Alan Mowbray and a novelty finish.

BIG CITY—The smelly picture of the month. An anti-labor story conceived during a brainstorm, written in a blizzard, cast out of a hat, played in a trance, made in a hurry, and viewed in a rage!

MAYERLING—Historical drama of the love and death of kings. An excellent all around film. Interesting despite English subtitles during French dialogue. Charles Boyer does his best job to date in this one.

THIS WAY PLEASE—Slow regardless of singing and spritely dancing and the continued, mysterious absence of Busby B. The plot is familiar but some of the gags are new. Good if there's nothing on the radio that night.

THE LOWER DEPTHS—French version of Gorki's play, with English subtitles. Seriously conceived and expertly executed. Result: real characters in a real setting making for moving human drama.

BALTIC DEPUTY—Another swell picture by Len-Films. Nikolai Cherkassov gives a powerful performance as the professor who is given the skids by his snooty colleagues because of his outspoken sympathies for the common people. Recommended tonic for jaded moviegoers. One of the finest.

SPANISH EARTH—Beautiful photography by Joris Ivens, enriched by the stirring music of Virgil Thomson. Add the bitingly realistic dialogue of Ernest Hemingway, and we have one of the best documentary films ever produced. This is not only a picture. It is life itself. It is the real story of the Spanish peasants fighting for their Spanish earth.

HEART OF SPAIN—Another realistic film of Spain's struggle to defend democracy, written by Herbert Kline, former editor of *New Theatre*, and produced by Frontier Films. Once seen, never forgotten. A remarkable record of the Spanish people's heroic resistance to fascism.

ALF GILES EXPANDS

(Continued from page 19)

silent so that Alf had to shake his weapons to make them clear out.

When they had all gone, Alf lay down again in Mrs. Meyer's soft bed. He gazed around at his new possessions, but he somehow felt concerned as he thought himself of those neighbors who hadn't said "Oh." Even with his bat and his monkey-wrench, they would be too much for him—by the sheer weight of their number... What ought he to do? Alf was puzzled.

"Hey!" he yelled downstairs. "Bring me my paper!" And soon his wife came running with it. "The kids," she said, "are on watch."

Alf lit his pipe and arranged the pillows behind him more comfortably. Then he opened his paper and he looked through it with the eye of an expert. "Now where was I when I started this lovely business? . . . Ah!" he said, and he began to read avidly. After a few minutes Alf said "Aha!", and he affectionately slapped the paper down. Now he knew everything—from beginning to end. "Gotta get more!" he said, and he visualized the glorious picture of a regiment of his kids, all armed with bats and monkey-wrenches, fighting for their own, their very own, father. "Man-power is what's needed!" Alf said; and he spat at the wall and watched his brown-stained saliva slowly trickle down. When it reached the floor, Alf jumped into action.



The Liberty League goes in for economy

VOLUNTEERS FOR LIBERTY

(Continued from page 13)

and they wanted more. They will not forget those who have taken the little trouble necessary to write a letter, even if it's only a few words.

Today, all of the English speaking volunteers are all together in the 15th Brigade. The Americans in the Lincoln-Washington Battalion, the English speaking in the MacKenzie-Papineau Battalion, the English in the Saketvela Battalion. It was the 15th Brigade that had the assignment to conduct that part of the big push which terminated in the Brunete action. The Lincoln-Washington Battalion advanced from the Escorial-Madrid road toward the front on July 4. The Americans faced their objective, the heavily fortified town of Villanueva de la Canada, at sunup on July 6.

The enemy was taken by surprise. Practically all the fascist forces were literally wiped out on this sector, and the Rebel reinforcements that were sent forward were easily repulsed. Villanueva de la Canada was in the hands of the 15th Brigade at 10 o'clock that night.

The brigade had advanced for a whole day over flat country under a blistering sun much of the time without water. It was exposed to heavy fire from the enemy fortifications. At times enemy shells dropped 10 a minute. The enemy attacked several times, and those of them who survived were forced at last to withdraw because of the circling manoeuvre of the Loyalist troops. Out of this action came the typically American witticism that the safest spot in Spain is on a fascist objective.

When the Government troops later examined the fascist dead they discovered that most of them were Italian officers and Italian foreign legionnaires. The equipment that was picked up was, in the main, labeled as of Portuguese origin. The small number of Spanish dead among the Rebels were found to carry membership cards in Franco's Phalangist organization. All of the cards were dated in one week of December. This gave every indication that the Spanish troops on the Rebel side had been forced into the ranks against their will. It was a clear case of compulsion.

The remnants of the fascist force at Canada retreated toward the Brunete road, driving women and children before them as protection. British troops, with cavalry, tank and infantry units, tried to cut them off but the fascists broke through. There were heavy losses on both sides.

The 15th Brigade followed up its advantage without stopping in Canada. The fascists were driven straight through Brunete and into the fastnesses of the Mosquito Range, where the Loyalist forces were compelled to stop for rest. The 15th Brigade was worn

out from three days and three nights of constant war effort. They had had no sleep or rest of any kind.

The Americans had fought under more severe bombardment than any troops had ever experienced before, even in the World War. The military record of all Americans has been excellent on all fronts in Spain. They had proved themselves heroic and well-disciplined soldiers. They have carried out all orders. If anything, their fault lay on the side of recklessness, a tendency to move ahead too fast.

The 15th Brigade held the position until July 26, when it was relieved by fresh Spanish battalions. The Americans had carried their chief objective, Canada, and they withdrew from the front for rest.

Phil Bard, the young American artist, was the first political commander of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, as it was then known. He was ordered back to the States after three months in Spain when he developed a heart condition. Since that time he has been the organizer and active head of the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. He saw service in Spain, and he understands the needs of the boys in the trenches. Cigarettes, books, woolen socks, gloves, chocolates, canned foods, papers, letters—comfort.

"Every item of comfort sent to our boys in the trenches," says Bard, "is another expression of support for the democratic ideal they are defending. In our nation there are many millions of people who love democracy and liberty no less than these young heroic Americans who defend their ideas with rifles and machine guns. Every friend of democracy must become a Friend of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade."

The Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade is appealing now for help from all Americans to make life as comfortable as possible for the American boys who are fighting for Spain for the whole world. Bernard Humanes is dead. We must do the job he can no longer do. We must make the Americans in Spain feel that we are with them. Their fight is ours.

There is another task that the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade is now undertaking. Many of the American volunteers are coming back, wounded or otherwise unable to continue to serve in Spain. They need jobs. Those who cannot work must receive hospitalization or medical care and housing. The Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade is now conducting a campaign for a membership of 100,000 and for \$100,000 to carry on its work. We must not fail them in this important task. These boys have fought in the first line of defense against fascism. They have fought for principles which we as Americans hold dear. We should be glad and proud to help them.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of The Champion published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1937. State of New York, County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William Sturgis, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Champion and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, William Sturgis, 80 Fifth Avenue; Editor, None; Managing Editor, Lewis Allan, 80 Fifth Ave.; Business Manager, William Sturgis.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

William Sturgis, 80 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner, William Sturgis.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September 1937.

Max Kitzes. My commission expires March 30, 1938.)

Joe Louis—A New Tradition

(Continued from page 11)

Jackson. Likewise the great John L. himself scornfully refused. He said he would never under any circumstances accept a challenge from Jackson. It was a handy thing to have that strong un-American "American" prejudice against Negroes when it avoided certain defeat. Jackson waited for two years, touring the country the while, taking on all comers in an effort to get along. He never got the crack at the crown he so rightly deserved. Six years later, broken in health, and near the end of his rope, he was put away in three rounds by the young boiler-maker Jim Jeffries. He returned to Australia, a broken-hearted man.

The same dose was handed to Sam Langford, the "Uncrowned Champion of the World." At the age of twenty while he still weighed a mere one hundred and fifty pounds, he dropped a close decision to the great Jack Johnson who was then in his prime. During Langford's career, he defeated the best men of his time. He knocked Harry Wills out twice and had to his K.O. credit such battlers as Jim Barry, Fireman Jim Flynn, Jeff Clark and the Dixie Kid. The champion before Johnson would have none of him, and Johnson himself so well remembered his early lesson that he actually ran away from Langford. Like Jackson before him, he took to barnstorming and finally went near-blind. He is still alive. Hardly able to see, he lives in dire poverty.

Johnson himself had to chase Tommy Burns half way round the world before he shamed him into a match in Australia where he took the title. Johnson was the first Negro champion and the reaction after his victory over Jeffries, who had been coaxed out of retirement to win the title for the white race, was such that he was glad to get rid of the burden to Willard in Havana.

The case of Harry Wills is another instance of the same sort of discrimination. He never got the chance to fight Dempsey he so rightly deserved. Tex Rickard used the argument that he didn't want to see a reproduction of the riots that followed the Johnson-Jeffries affair. Whether Wills was as great as his colored predecessors is irrelevant in this case. He deserved a crack at the crown but never got it. Rickard stood steadfastly against it.

The careers of all colored fighters in the past have been shot through with discrimination and unfairness. It seems that every champion had his particular black terror which each met in the same way. Negro fighters have not received the breaks, and they have not received their opportunities to fight in the lucrative matches.

It is a pathetic shame that such men

as Jackson and Langford were not allowed to wear the crown they could so easily have won.

The case of Joe Louis, who is the heavyweight king and an extremely popular champion, presents a significant advance that is deeper and more solid than his good left jab. Had Joe come in the age of Peter Jackson, his fate would probably have been the same as was Jackson's. Today he has come across. Jackson, today, would be recognized as perhaps the greatest heavyweight champion of all. Joe Louis came at a time when a good heavyweight champion was needed and he has come in an era when the colored race is surging forward to eminence in all fields. Langford and Jackson were unfortunate. They should be here today.

PLANT IN THE SUN

(Continued from page 20)

tin' about it. Whaddaya say?" "You're way ahead of us here, Pee wee," says Fannie skeptically. "They all chipped in, didn't they?" he urges. "Yeah—but this is diff'rent. This means their jobs." "Sure, it's diff'rent—like every minute is diff'rent from the rest. Tings are movin' faster'n yuh tink. Didja dream this mornin' yuh'd be forkin' over yer car-fare lunch money fer us? Let's make a try, huh?"

Fannie and Tony are sent out to round up "evybody who's got any guts." In the meanwhile, several thugs enter through the rear door. Hopkins rushes in madly, looking for the key to the lock that chains the door back. He instructs the plug-uglies not to give them the works until the door is shut. "You gotta close that damn door first—boss's strict orders—we don't want the other kids to know what's going on here—absolutely nothin'." Hopkins dashes out in a frenzy still looking for a key that will fit. The thugs try to yank the door loose, but don't succeed. They decide to douse the lights instead. A battle royal begins and

in a few moments, the boys are beaten and dragged out the back way.

Hopkins flies in again, turns on the lights. He sees that the door is still open, tries to break it loose, but is forced back into the room by a crowd of kids led by Tony and Fannie. "Too late," says Tony as they all stare silently at the signs of struggle. Hopkins orders them back to work. He is ignored. Suddenly, Fannie picks up a hat and starts. "Blood!" says Tony, looking at it. A surge of mounting anger freezes into ominous silence. Mr. Roberts hurries in and sizes up the situation. He screams at Hopkins for not having closed the door, and then turns cajoling to the boys and girls.

Roberts: All right now, boys and girls, it's all over, you can get back to work now, just a slight misunderstanding, it'll all be straightened out, come on now, the show's over, everybody back. . . .

(Nobody moves. Then Tony slowly crouches and sits down. One by one, the others follow)

Roberts: (Stunned) What...what...what is this? (Turns furiously to Hopkins) Look what you've done. I could kill you. (Becomes so enraged that he strikes Hopkins in the face. The latter starts, more incensed than hurt, is about to return the blow but stops halfway. Roberts continues witheringly). Oh you dumb idiot!

Plant in the Sun is a play that deserves production by labor groups throughout the country. It moves fast, builds to a climax, and is well-larded with laughs. The kids in it are genuine, and have a healthy buoyancy that makes the play bounce. Youth dramatic groups should find it a welcome addition to their repertory. The play may be obtained from The New Theatre League at 117 West 46th Street, New York City.

—LEWIS ALLAN



John Groth

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—a book which until last year was available only in privately printed copies valued at \$20,000 each. Unexpurgated, identical with the original text is this special edition of

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

By T. E. LAWRENCE



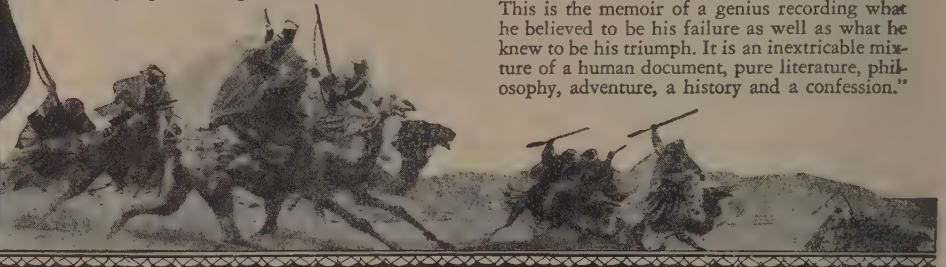
THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM will be, as it was meant to be, Lawrence's monument to posterity. It has an exciting story of its own, and for years has partaken of the sensational and legendary which surrounded everything that Lawrence did. Lawrence finished it during six months of writing at the Peace Conference in Paris. Close to 250,000 words had been written. Then one day while he was changing trains at Reading Station near London, he left this manuscript unguarded and it disappeared. It has never been recovered.

Within a few months he rewrote a second draft in 400,000 words; but his style was careless and hurried, and realizing he would never be satisfied with it, a year later characteristically he burned the entire manuscript. The third text was begun at once and was composed with great care. It is the present one. It was privately printed in London and fabulous sums were said to have been paid for the few copies sold in England. Twenty copies were printed for America, to re-

tain copyright here, and the price of these was set at \$20,000 apiece. Upon his death, last year, the unexpurgated text was given to the world.

"Lawrence was not writing a history in this book. . . . The stream of explanation and narrative is made up of many elements. There are studies of Arab history and Arab character, the latter brilliant in the extreme, and pen portraits of Arabs, Turks, French and British leaders of extraordinary wit, shrewdness and power, and these and much else are floated on a narrative of adventures that are terrible, humorous, exciting to a degree unequalled in our time, enriched by descriptions of the desert, of Arab life, of the backgrounds of critical action, many of which are beautiful in a high degree, real masterpieces of English prose. . . .

"But this is only one strand of this great book. . . . The other is philosophical, but in no abstract sense. It is the meditation, often agonized, sometimes profound and occasionally petulant and despairing, of a leader torn between duty to his conscience and duty to his cause, of a Hamlet uncertain of the worth of his every action. . . . This is the memoir of a genius recording what he believed to be his failure as well as what he knew to be his triumph. It is an inextricable mixture of a human document, pure literature, philosophy, adventure, a history and a confession."



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Here is a very interesting fact; over 150,000 families—composed of discerning but busy readers like yourself—now get most

of their books through the Book-of-the-Month Club; and of these tens of thousands of people *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman*; every one of them joined upon his own initiative, upon the recommendation of friends who were members, or after simply reading—as we ask you to do—the bare facts about the many ways in which membership in the Club benefits you as a book-reader and book-buyer.

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The Hero

By Pablo de la Torriente-Brau

TRANSLATED BY LANGSTON HUGHES

YESTERDAY afternoon, we arrived at the sugar mill. On the porch of the bungalow belonging to the engineers, we ate lunch with the appetites of debutante farmers. A hundred meters in front of us, parallel with a line of houses in the *batey*, ran the tracks of the railroad, losing themselves at one end in a grove of trees and at the other, in the betrayal of a curve.

It was noon.

The wind, like a wild dog, had run off to the mountains. In the brilliant Cuban sky, the sun seemed like a curse of light. The rails were silver, like captive rays of lightning.

It was noon in the countryside, throughout Cuba.

The little station, a bit to the left was almost in front of us, quite deserted.

The old telegraph operator, leaning lazily against the wall in a cane bottom chair, smoked contentedly. Soon he got up and approached his table of dots and dashes.

A boy went to turn the switch of a siding that ran to the derrick.

Away off, intermittently commanding, a whistle blew. Somebody said, "Train with right of way!"

The telegraph operator, with that peculiar calm that old railroad men have, appeared with a red flag in his hand as the engine swiftly attacked the curve, wrapped in smoke and sparks.

The old fellow went to the edge of the platform to grab some papers daily thrown off in passing, but gave a misstep—and fell violently onto the tracks.

The locomotive, with the roar of a conqueror, advanced inplacably, like a rolling mountain. We were stricken, breathless, as in a nightmare, our eyes waiting to see the horror of a man crushed to death under the engine.

We could not help. The old fellow, who had fallen heavily onto the ties, couldn't pull his legs out in time. In spite of the titanic efforts of the engineer, the locomotive got him, as it skated wildly along the rails, shaving off sparks.

We drew near in silence, as one draws near the dead. The engineer had his enormous hand welded to the brake, and his very big eyes looked at the inexplicable mechanism of the boiler as if seeing it for the first time. Tears fell, like the ticking of a watch.

Fearfully, we went around to the other side of the tracks where the old man lay, his hands resting on the ground, his chest raised, and his face quite calm.

"Tell them to back up," he said. Then, noting our astonishment, a nervous laugh pierced our ears and remained there forever.

Before this quiet exhibition of bravery, I thought how contemptible were certain more famous feats performed by the bragging heroes of history.

Then, beginning to be impatient, the man commanded urgently, "Make them back up. I can't stay here all my life."

Finally, the engineer backed up. The crunching of broken bones could be heard, sadly like the wails of a sleepy child during applause in the theatre.

What admiration I felt for that brave old man!

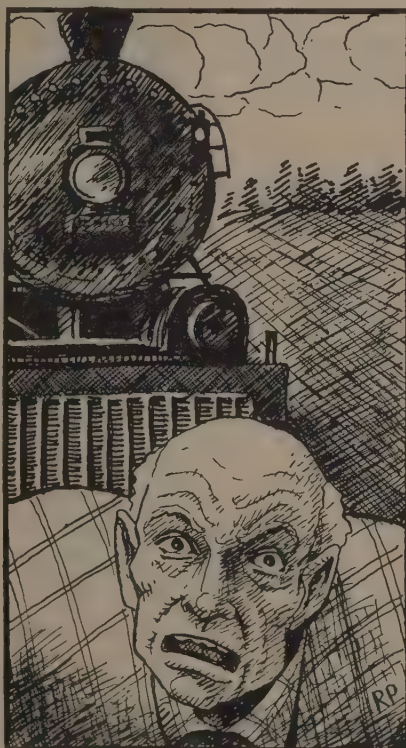
As soon as the black monster left a free space between the platform and the rails, we drew near, or were pulled—I don't know which. But the telegraph

operator was already on foot, leaning, pale and tranquil, against a cement wall—his leg lying on the track!

"For God's sake," he said to us calmly, "snap out of it! That leg's wooden. My real leg was lost in battle fighting for my country!"

PABLO DE LA TORRIENTE-BRAU, author of "The Hero" and former *New Masses* correspondent, was killed in the defense of Madrid in December, 1936. However, even long before he came to Spain, Torriente-Brau was a champion of the people, and as such, he had been already wounded in his native Cuba by Machado's gangster police. At that time, he was held for more than two years in the Havana fortress dungeons. He was a newspaperman and in this capacity, he came to Spain. But he felt that functioning as a writer was not enough. He felt that he must join the fighting forces defending democracy against the onslaught of international fascism. He did this and still found time to send an occasional dispatch—until December of last year when he met his death on the Ponzuela de Alarcon front where he was an officer in the Peasant Battalion. Although this wry little story, "The Hero", is not representative of the best of Torriente-Brau's work, *THE CHAMPION* is proud to publish it as the work of a hero. Even in this slight tale, something of Torriente-Brau's burning devotion to the cause of liberation can be felt. It was for this that he died. Still a young man, when he met his death, he gave promise of developing into a writer of unusual talents. His reportage was among the best. Those who remember his remarkable "Polemic in the Trenches," published in the *New Masses* shortly after his death, know that we are the poorer by his loss.

Langston Hughes, outstanding young Negro poet, has translated Pablo de La Torriente-Brau's short story, "The Hero." Hughes, a friend of Torriente-Brau's, is in Spain where he remained after the recent writers' congress held in Madrid. He is well known for his verse, stories, and plays. He is the author of *Mulatto*, Broadway hit of last year, and contributes to the *New Masses*, *Esquire*, and other publications.—EDITOR



Drawing by Robert Peterson

America's Youth in the C.C.C. Camps

ARMY HAMPERS CCC EDUCATION

By A. B. Dahlquist

IT IS disquieting, but true, that the three-year extension of the CCC enacted by Congress and signed by the President July 1, still leaves the question of military control of CCC education up in the air. Congress evidently wanted to do something about educational opportunities for CCC enrollees, since the new bill provides that "ten hours per week may be devoted to vocational and general education."

During the Congressional hearings in April, Mr. Fechner was the lone civilian spokesman for the CCC. Not once during the hearing did he admit there were any flaws in the organization. He scouted the few pieces of unfavorable evidence submitted and described the role of the army in the CCC as "moral leadership." However, in reply to a direct query from Representative Schneider of Wisconsin, he denied categorically that the army controls CCC education. Education, he said, is only "technically" under the War Department; actually it is autonomous and free as the air. When we remember that four corps area educational advisers have resigned from the service after clashes with the military, Kenneth Holland, First Corps Area; T. H. Nelson, Second Corps Area; Dr. Nat Frame, Fifth Corps Area; and J. B. Griffing, Ninth Corps Area, it is fairly obvious that the civilians might have had something to say which would have been worth hearing.

The educational program has been the step-child of the CCC from the beginning. The army did not want it, did not want civilians around, and the educational advisers have no official standing in camp. Many splendid programs, built up after months of hard work, have gone on the scrap heap because of army indifference or army opposition. Correspondence courses have been allowed to lapse; visual education, music, drama, and industrial arts have been discarded; publications showing initiative have been suppressed; the only thing that continues unabated is military authority. In no other phase of CCC work (involving civilians) is army control so clear and incontrovertible. The technical services (forestry and soil conservation) which supervise the work projects in connection with the camps are granted absolute autonomy. The technical men

Dear Editor:

I served ten months in Company 939, and I must say that a CCC camp is the last place in the world I would want to see a boy of mine. I was rated as "Assistant Leader" after being in camp about a month, and drew \$36.00 per month. I remember at one time when, for about two months straight, I was required to take charge of crews of from five to twenty men when a regular Forest Service foreman took a layoff



may occasionally squabble with camp commanders, but they are free from army regulations. But education is different. All correspondence dealing with matters of "policy" must be approved by the army. Expenditures of money must be approved by the army. Bulletins and other publications are censored by army intelligence. Army clerks check civilian attendance. Equipment, materials, supplies used in the educational program are checked by the army. Travel orders and similar documents clear through the army. Educational reports must be approved by the army. Lists of books and magazines supplied CCC camps are prepared in Washington by the adjutant-general. Personnel can be transferred by the army without consulting civilian officials. Civilian personnel can be dismissed by the army for "cause"—i.e. misconduct, etc. And the army can force dismissal for "inefficiency" (its own interpretation of the term) by submitting a "must" recommendation to the corps area civilian adviser for education.

Here are a few specific instances of what it means to be "technically under the War Department." An excellent series of pamphlets, prepared especially for the CCC by the University of Chicago, were refused distribution by the War Department. A citizenship course, written by Dr. Herring of Columbia University, was suppressed as smacking of "Red propaganda" and its author, a member of the CCC staff at the time,

and assumed the same responsibility as this foreman, for my little \$36.00. The F. S. foreman drew over a hundred a month.

One day, when it was snowing and raining until you couldn't walk 100 yards through the brush without being wet to the skin, we were ordered to continue clearing the land as usual. Several kicked at this, as we had been told we didn't have to work in such weather, and we were promptly informed by the Captain in charge of the camp that if we didn't want to work, we could go home. Some of the boys refused to work, and I was told the leaders were given a Dishonorable Discharge.

Considerable bragging is done about the medical care a boy is given. Of course some patients seemed to get proper care, but the sentiment of most of the boys was that there was no use in going to the doctor. He would only think you were wanting a day off anyhow . . .

Camp Reporter
Company 939, Noxon, Montana

finally forced to resign. A member of the Second Corps Area headquarters staff was severely reprimanded by army intelligence for sending copies of the *New Republic* to the camp. THE CHAMPION was barred from the Third Corps Area by the commanding general.

To put a check on this army dictatorship, Congressman Bernard's bill No. 6210 should be endorsed by all sensible people. The bill can be useful as a test of anti-army strength and a means of bringing this important issue before Congress and before the public.

The immediate thing to be done is to bring pressure on the President to exercise his executive prerogative and declare the CCC Office of Education and the CCC educational program an autonomous agency with precisely the same status as the Forestry Service and the Soil Conservation Service. This can be done quite easily without upsetting either the budget or the administrative machinery.

Albert B. Dahlquist, Supervisor of Publications in the Second Corps Area CCC headquarters on Governors Island, N. Y., and editor of the Corps Area educational bulletin, "The Adviser," has been relieved from duty by the army authorities effective June 15th. The reason given for this dismissal was "retrenchment."

JOBS WANTED!

That is what will be needed for nearly 90,000 boys who on October first will be refused the right to re-enroll in the CCC. Frankly, we don't know where so many jobs can be found, but everyone should cooperate to help find whatever jobs are available. For it is either jobs or back to relief for these boys who are being forced out of the CCC. We are for jobs first—this is for the Administration to solve. The NYA has also suffered under this retrenchment policy, which means that student workers will be swelling this army of job hunters.

In the present emergency, we offer our columns for free advertising by CCC boys and those released at the end of September who are seeking jobs. Write us about the jobs you want. Send us your name, camp and home addresses, qualifications and references.

EMPLOYERS, write us if you have jobs open.

SUBSCRIBERS and **FRIENDS**, please cooperate in this effort to find jobs for CCC boys.

Address: Editor America's Youth in the CCC, Room 1401, 80 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF

Are you getting as good pay as men doing the same kind of work outside the CCC? How does it compare with Union wages, A.F.L. and C.I.O.?

\$5 will be paid for the best letter telling what you found out on this question, and what you think about it.

Are You a Guinea Pig?



Army medical officers are planning a large-scale test of pneumonia vaccine among Civilian Conservation Corps enrollees volunteering to be "human guinea pigs."

Doctors hope the fall test will prove whether the vaccine is dependable for immunizing persons against pneumonia of types one and two, which cause 40% of America's pneumonia illness.

—New York Times

"I AM IN FAVOR OF THE BILL TRANSFERRING THE C C C TO A CIVILIAN BOARD AS PROPOSED IN THE BERNARD MEASURE."

—Prof. Charles A. Beard

During the first session of the 75th Congress, on April 7, 1937, Representative Bernard introduced the following bill, H.R. 6210, which was referred to the Committee on Labor.

To amend an Act entitled "An Act for the relief of unemployment through the performance of useful public work, and for other purposes," approved March 31, 1933, as extended by the Emergency Relief Appropriation Act of 1935.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Act entitled "An Act for the relief of unemployment through the performance of useful public work, and for other purposes," approved March 31, 1933, as extended by the Emergency Relief Appropriation Act of 1935, be, and is hereby, amended as follows:

The following section, to be numbered 1-A, is hereby added to said Act:

"1-A. In carrying out the provisions and purposes of this Act, neither the War Department, the Navy Department, the National Guard, or any other Federal or State military or police agency or personnel shall be designated or in any manner utilized either by the President, the Board of Directors, or other supervising authority of the Emergency Conservation Work."

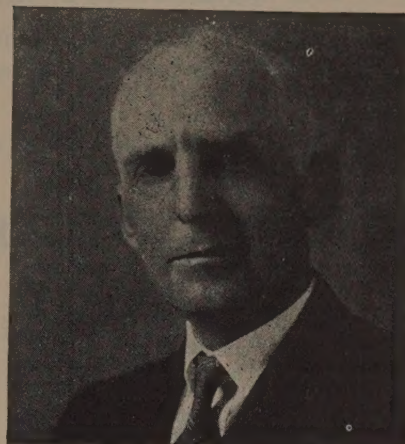
The following section, to be numbered 1-B, is hereby added to said Act:

FOR A BETTER CCC

This page, sponsored by the **YOUTH PROTECTIVE COMMITTEE**, will appear regularly each month. We stand for:

1. Take the camps out of army officers' control. No military training, drill or formations of any kind.
2. Increased food allotment and improved quality of meals.
3. Increase in base pay to \$45 a month. Trade union wages for all skilled men (chauffeurs, clerks, plumbers, electricians, etc.)
4. Right to organize. Recognition of all committees and organizations of men in all grievances.
5. No discrimination against Negroes.
6. Protection against accidents. Adequate compensation for injuries and disease. Life pensions to families in case of death.
7. No dismissals because of C.C.C. curtailment without providing jobs or relief.

C.C.C. boys in or outside of the camps, write to the Editor of **AMERICA'S YOUTH**, 80 Fifth Avenue, Room 1401, N. Y. C. Send stories, letters, experience accounts, photos, anything about the life in camp.



"1-B. For the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this Act the President shall appoint a Board of Directors for Emergency Conservation Work, as follows: The President shall request responsible organizations of youth, of labor, of education, and of social service to submit lists of proposed appointees, and from these lists the President shall choose one person to represent youth, one to represent labor, one to represent education, one to represent social service, and a fifth who shall be Chairman of the Board. The President shall designate the representatives of youth, of labor, of education, and of social service as full-time appointees, who shall receive, each, a salary at the rate of \$5,000 per year and shall engage in no other business, vocation, or employment during their term of membership on said Board. The Chairman of the Board shall receive such compensation as the President may fix. All questions of policy shall be decided by the Board by majority vote of its members, who shall hold office for a term of two years, during which they shall be removable only for cause. No more than two members of the Board shall be members of the same political party."

The following section, to be numbered 1-C, is hereby added to said Act:

"1-C. All local camp directors, supervisors, and other administrative and executive personnel of camps and local organizations of Emergency Conservation Work shall be selected on the basis of civil-service examination and regulations."

Write or wire your Senator and Representative now.

Demand that the Bernard Bill be re-introduced and passed in the next session of Congress.

TAKE THE ARMY OUT OF THE CCC.

SPECIAL ARTICLE BY

**MR. HOWARD W. OXLEY
IN NEXT ISSUE**

**In Charge of C C C
Camp Education**

Swing That Club

YOU belong to a club, an organization . . . It is yours, and you want to keep it so; alive, exciting, serviceable, and something to look forward to each time it meets. Swell! . . . but something goes wrong; instead of those smiling eager countenances and a bit (?) of noise, it begins to look like a very social thing indeed. In fact, you wonder whether you've dropped into Mrs. Astor's instead of the old shack. And then, when those smiling faces begin to disappear one by one, you speculate wistfully as to their whereabouts and what they could be doing. You know that everything they want—dancing, amusement, aid, information, anything could be gotten down at the club. Then why aren't they down there? Something's wrong, and the club is on the way to the ashcan. Who wants disorganized programs, monotonous routine? You can't blame them. The club had the best of intentions but, but what? There's the rub. What was wrong? Can you doctor it up and make the club what it should be? Yes, yes, and yes again! All you have to do is roll up your sleeves and we'll supply the hypodermic especially designed to give a dying club a much-needed shot in the arm. We can also give you the dope on how to enlarge a fairly successful club and make it even better. This, as you catch on, is a club-service open to all. In us you will have an ever-flowing source of the kind of information you need.

Free tickets to the local Federal Theatre? How to plan a dance and free theatre party to follow? What sort of responsible committees you need? How to publicize your club? How to obtain lecturers from the Department of Health on sex and personal hygiene, marriage, social diseases, free clinical help and information? Do you want speakers from local birth-control clinics? Lectures on first aid? Demonstrations? Films on Health problems? Films on industry? Do you yourself want to go in for dramatics? Do you need the necessary plays and also a drama teacher? Are you interested in sports? Do you want to keep in touch with youth organizations all over the country? Do you want information on schools?

These are only a few of the things we can show you how to obtain, if you would better your organization socially, educationally, recreationally, and vocationally.

Just write in for whatever information you want concerning program and activities for groups of young people and we'll do our best to give you the kind of service you're looking for, Club Service care of THE CHAMPION.

SHORT JABS

Luggage-feet Carnera, or what's left of the Italian cheese of the boxing realm, lives a simple and rustic life in Sequals, Italy. The former attempt at being a heavyweight is married, and occasionally gives the villagers a slow-time boxing exhibition.

It's a known fact that Mussolini's state physicians have handed down verboten edicts against Carnera really entering a boxing ring in earnest. No one knows, though, whether this is to protect Carnera or the alleged physical supremacy of the Black Shirts.

*Lo! the Man on the Horse
Who rules by force,
With castor-oil and lead;
Though it might seem strange
What a welcome change
To be ruled by the Horse instead!*

*There is a good Nazi named Goebbels,
Who almost incessantly boebbels,
His mind is so weak,
He should really not speak,
But retire from the world and play
moebbels.*

Henry Ford is today the only automobile manufacturer who has refused to sign an agreement with the U.A.W. Henry doesn't like unions. It is even rumored that he would just love to take his little kingdom and secede from the Union.

The outcome of the New Jersey primaries shows that the Hoffman-Hague political machine is skidding out of popular favor. Politicians thought the old gang would win, but the people of New Jersey decided differently. With the Copeland bunch getting the air in New York, and reaction generally getting the skids, fall styles in political circles seem to point to just as much baloney but more trimming.

*Governor Hoffman and Mayor Hague
Love the unions like the plague,
They're Momma and Poppa
For the open shopper,
(Whose legitimate parentage is
vague.)*

Vittorio Mussolini, Benito's little egg, relates in his new book, *Flights on the Ethiopian Plateau*, how his "unsatisfied desire" to see a fire was satisfied by the incendiary bombing of Addis Ababa in the Ethiopian invasion. We're usually quite kindly, but in this instance it would give us the greatest of pleasure to tie little Vittorio, the wise-cracker, to a nice big firecracker.

The Chamber of Commerce claims that Business cannot be asked to absorb the unemployed because a great portion of them are "unemployable." Business' responsibility for these jobless, continues the Chamber of Horrors, is purely "charitable." Of course it is, like organizing vigilante action and strike breaking.

*Only senators should mix
Into politics,
They know the tricks.
They know how to pour
Red, White, and Blue
To make the blackest witches' brew,
They know what mixing there must be
To make a false neutrality.*

William Green must be having difficulty in singing the "Star Spangled Banner." Whenever he starts with "Oh say can you see," we wonder whether he goes off into "Oh say can you C. I. O."

A symphony in color, or how a "labor" leader behaves when the American labor movement starts moving: *William Green got blue in the face, saw red, and acted yellow.*

Little Adolph and Big Benito must have had a lovely time together. We wonder whether Adolph's mustache got in the way.

It's simply wonderful when two great big strong men do their stuff. Quite an occasion that historic meeting. Everybody celebrated except the German people. It seems that they're hungry. They'd rather have goose than goose-step.

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WANT \$100.00?

You can have any of the prizes listed on this page AND you can still be eligible to win \$100.00 in cash! Read the Contest Rules carefully and GET BUSY AT ONCE!

Everyone is a prospect for the new CHAMPION. Contact your friends, shop-mates, and fellow club members. Go from house to house! Cover meetings in your neighborhood!

Always follow up your leads. If a prospect doesn't subscribe the first time, he may when you call again!

RULES

1. The Champion Prize Contest is open to any individual, organization, club, or group, with the exception of employees or members of the staff of The Champion.

2. The Champion Prize Contest begins November 1, 1937 and ends on midnight, February 15, 1938.

3. The decision of the judges in this contest to be final.

4. The Grand Prize will be awarded to the contestant securing the greatest number of subscriptions during the contest.

5. A contestant is eligible for the Grand Prize regardless of the number of prizes he has selected.

6. In case of a tie—duplicate Grand Prizes will be awarded.

7. All prizes will be awarded on the basis of the number of subscriptions obtained by the contestant.

8. The contestant may choose any of the prizes listed during the contest, providing his selection is in accordance with the number of subscriptions submitted.

9. A contestant may secure a prize for each specified number of subscriptions, or he may reserve one of the larger prizes by informing the Contest Department.

10. All subscriptions must be sent in immediately, with cash payment of \$1.00 for one year.

AWARDS

3 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Club Pennant (9 x 24), Two Colors
Flashlight
Irish Standard Handball
Leather Handball Gloves
Sateen Boxing Trunks, Elastic Top
Air Pump, (basketball and football)
Scrap Book
Leather Book Cover
Powder Compact
Cigarette Case and Lighter
Handy Tool Kit
Fountain Pen and Pencil
Sweatshirt
Oxford Sneakers (men and women)
Indoor Baseball
Indoor Baseball Bat
Pencil Sharpener, (desk type)
Leather Wallet

5 SUBSCRIPTIONS

All Wool Sweater, Crew or V Neck
Rollfast Roller Skates
Girl's Gym Suit
Book Ends
Sweat Coat, Fleece Line
Zipper Sweat Shirt
Agfa Ansco Box Camera
Carry-All Bag
Basketball Sneakers
Monogrammed Playing Cards
Tank Suits (men and women)
Bingo Set, 8 Players
Football Jersey
Chess Set
Handball and Gloves

10 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Table Tennis Set (4 Players, Net, etc.)
Fine Wool Sweater
Football Shoulder Pads
Volley Ball
Football
Satin Basketball Trunks and Shirt
Brief Case
Basketball Shoes
Melton All Wool Windbreaker
Dart Board Game, complete
Elk Gym Shoes
Official Boxing Trunks

15 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Intra-Mural Basketball
Corduroy Slacks
Football Pants
Riding Breeches
Hand Microphone
Football Helmet
Stream Lined Football

20 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Suede Jacket (men and women)
Official Horse Shoe Pitching Set
Game Timer's Watch
Football Shoes
Shuffle Board, Discs and Pushers
Medicine Ball
Punching Bag
Basketball Goals
1 Complete Basketball Outfit
Official Scholastic Basketball
Ladies Riding Boots
Soccer Ball
Bat Tennis Set, including net
Boxing Gloves
Punching Bag Platform

25 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Midget Radio
Ice Skates (men and women)
Ladies Leather Coat, ¾ length
Floor Stand for Microphone
Carbon Microphone (table stand 5 subs)
Official Collegiate Basketball
Men's Riding Boots

30 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Official A. A. A. Football
Kodak Camera
Suede Windbreaker
Portable Phonograph

40 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Short Wave Set, Ear Phones
Grade B Amplifying System
Silver Wrist Watch (men and women)
Phonograph

50 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Crystal Microphone
Table Model Radio

65 SUBSCRIPTIONS

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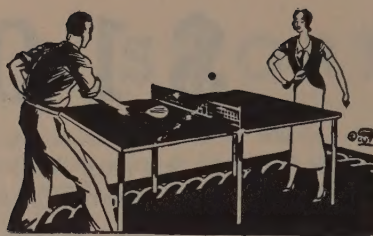
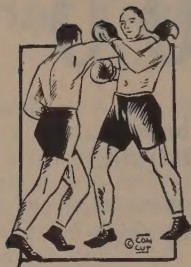
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(See inside back cover for rules)

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can Youth.
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ing American poet of the people. \$2.00 value.
- "Green Corn Rebellion," by William Cunningham. ☐
Novel about the sharecroppers. \$2.00 value.
- "Marching! Marching!" by Clara Weatherwax. New ☐
Masses Prize Winning Novel. \$1.90 value.
- "The Bomb," by Frank Harris. Chicago's labor ☐
movement novelized. \$3.50 value.
- "Spain in Arms 1937," by Anna Louise Strong. Eye ☐
witness account of the Spanish war.

